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ST. LOUIS:
ITS HISTORY AND IDEALS

ST. LOUIS: ITS HISTORY AND IDEALS

PREPARED FOR THE
SIXTY-FIRST ANNUAL SESSION
OF THE
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June Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth, 1910

BY
PHILIP SKRAINKA, M. D.
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ST. LOUIS, 1910

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In preparing the following history of St. Louis, assistance has been lent the author by so many persons that it would be impossible, on account of limitation of space, to mention each one separately. But though his expression of thanks must take this form, he nevertheless feels it his duty to single out four names and a business house for special reference—namely, Miss May Simonds, Reference Librarian of the Mercantile Library, for assistance in looking up material in works of reference; Mr. William Trelease, Director of the Missouri Botanical Garden, for advice in regard to horticultural and botanical matters; Mr. Francis E. A. Curley, of the Art Museum, for material pertaining to art; Rev. John C. Burke, S. J., of the St. Louis University, for researches among many half-forgotten records; and the St. Louis News Company, for the loan of all the photographs, with the exception of perhaps half a dozen, from which reproductions were made.

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ST. LOUIS: ITS HISTORY AND IDEALS

CHAPTER I.

EARLY HISTORY.

Pierre Laclede Liguist — St. Louis as a Trading Post — Spanish Domination — Louis St. Ange de Bellerive — Pontiac and His Hatred of the English — French Suavity and English Superciliousness — The Village of St. Louis and its Three Streets — Laclede's House — The Alcohol Question as Judged by the Spanish — Style of Dress of the French Colonists — The Question of Immigration — The Louisiana Purchase — Population in 1799 — Shadrach Bond — First Directory Published by John A. Paxton — Is St. Louis a Southern City?

IT is a commonplace of criticism to say that all American cities are alike. We hear this almost daily, and though outwardly there is the usual grain of truth in the remark, on further thought we immediately recognize how fallacious is so superficial a judgment. St. Louis has characteristics which are decidedly unlike those of other cities; and for an explanation of these we must hark back to those early times when it was a mere trading post, and had for its controlling powers those adventurous spirits who left the province of Louisiana to seek fortune somewhere on the west banks of the Mississippi River, near the Missouri. Pierre Laclede Liguist was the founder of this obscure trading post, and though this statement might convey to the modern mind nothing of any im-

portance, it nevertheless carries considerable weight, since it cannot be gainsaid that because of his education, his judgment of men and his high sense of honor no better selection could have been made by the province of Louisiana in the matter of a representative citizen of France to deal with the savages. What Laclede accomplished from the time of his arrival in 1763 must be attributed to force



Statue of
Pierre Laclede Liguest

of character, for not only were his dealings with the Missouri Indians of the amicable nature which indicates mental superiority tinged with kindness, but his sagacity stood him in good stead, since his influence was instrumental in transferring the peltry trade from Cahokia and Kaskaskia to the trading post at St. Louis. Thus the beginnings of what to-day is a large and prosperous city were imbued with a commercial spirit that meant much for the future growth of the new settlement west of the Mississippi.

Despite the assertion that commercialism was the incentive that induced the early

growth of the colony, there were other reasons for its continued prosperity, and these must be attributed to the location, which was contiguous to the Missouri, and the fact that the Indians had an aversion for the English directly that people got possession of the country east of the Mississippi. English laws and their customs were not to their liking, and before long they sought to trade with

the new trading post on the west side of the Mississippi, which was inhabited only by Frenchmen, and to all appearances belonged to France. The Indians made much of the French, while, on the other hand, their feelings for the English bordered on abhorrence.

After St. Louis became a center for the peltry trade its reputation as a safe colony was well established, and the English, on the east side of the Mississippi, not being any too popular with the new-comers in their villages, the tide of immigration was not long in setting in towards St. Louis. After so short a space as one year of its founding the new colony was in enjoyment of the amenities of life. And, when I write amenities, I am not using the word in any restricted sense, but in its broadest, since no statutes, no lawgivers, no prisons interfered with the even tenor of existence. When any differences arose, appeal was made to the small number of leading citizens whose word carried weight. The unmodernness of this procedure must surely strike the citizens of today, with their unweariedness in dragging cases through all the lower and higher courts, as exceedingly primitive!

The citizens were, for the most part, natives of the province of Louisiana and Canada—good, solid stock; and if they had any wants, they were not at all excessive. Their sojourn in their respective provinces had taught them the excellent lesson of modesty, and though there may have been a few among them who were already bitten with that almost universal modern disease—the desire for wealth—the small number of sporadic manifestations of this mental upset did not affect the general complexion of the new settlement. Their content partook of the simple life, of which we hear so much nowadays. But simplicity of life, though admirable, is not so high a quality that it need arrest our attention here; and were there no other kind things to say about the early settlers,

we would be tempted to dismiss them with scant praise. True, they had no mental cultivation, but what they did have far outbalanced this defect. Their gaiety, their probity, their serene outlook on life prevented them from deteriorating into beings who were not equal to withstand the roughnesses incidental to a wilderness that meant nearly all the deprivations of the pleasant things of city life. In short, the frailties which are so intimately interwoven in the fabric of modern existence were no part of their diversions, which certainly shows that their sturdiness grew, despite the unintermitted obstacles that so often are the undoing of even the staunchest.

But the peacefulness of the lives of these early settlers received a rude jar when the intelligence was brought home to them that all the French possessions west of the Mississippi had passed under Spanish rule. Instead of joy reigning supreme in the cabins of the new colony, curses were launched against the French monarch who had secretly bargained with Spain. The inhabitants of New Orleans and St. Louis were as one when it came to a matter of resisting the Spanish laws; and so great was this feeling that Spain wisely deferred initiating the people into any changes until the times were more opportune. And thus after the first ebullition of anger passed away the old order again obtained. Pierre Laclede Liguist continued to be recognized as the head of the colony, and though his prerogatives were many, there was no abuse of them on his part. He remained the merchant and trader, and the legislative authority he exercised was very moderate, indeed. The rights of the company under royal charter made it possible for him to acquire any amount of land he thought necessary for the growth and prosperity of the village he had founded, and to apportion the same to new-comers who intended to take up their abode in or near the prosperous settlement. But though one

would think that here was the golden opportunity by which wealth could be easily acquired, the records which are ours to study evidence the fact that his exalted character as a man of business—no matter what his moral failings in other respects were—never failed of justness to his fellow-villagers.

With the arrival of Louis St. Ange de Bellerive and forty soldiers, quite a stir was made in the peaceful village. Just why Aubri, the commandant-general at New Orleans, ordered Louis St. Ange de Bellerive to St. Louis has never been thoroughly explained, but the inference is that the hostile feeling of the inhabitants towards the Spanish had a decided bearing on this matter. But this is mere conjecture, and what we really know is that the presence of the forty soldiers proved a decided menace to peace and order. Civilians and the military seldom get on any too well under the best conditions, and in the flourishing village there were soon disputes, fighting, and all the evils which result from a constant upset. Added to this the soldiers soon taught the people the questionable delights of dissipation, and what with their somewhat indolent habits, they were not averse from learning many undesirable lessons. The outcome was a decided set-back to the healthful progress of the settlement and a lowering of the moral tone. Things went on from bad to worse, and the necessity of a head to manage the affairs of the village became peremptory. And the choice fell on Louis St. Ange de Bellerive.

This officer enjoyed an enviable degree of popularity, not only with the natives, but also with the Indians. The latter recognized in him the implacable enemy of the English, and, on account of this, were most enthusiastic in their praise of his virtues. But another, and perhaps better reason, was at the bottom of their adulation, and that was St. Ange de Bellerive's friendship for the great

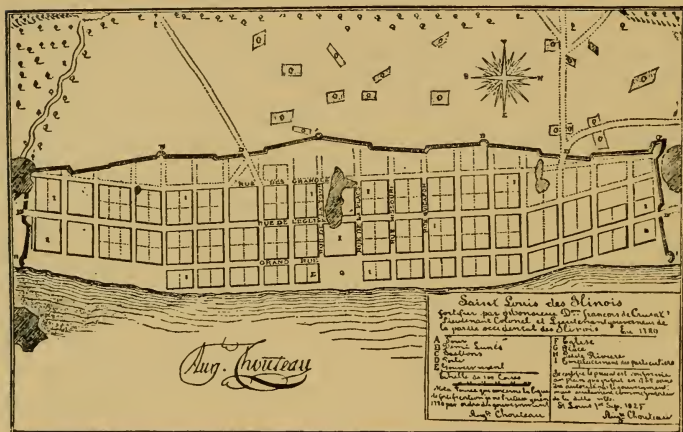
chief of the Ottawas—Pontiac. St. Ange used all his persuasive powers to further peace between Pontiac and the English, and when the Indian realized that his allies were forsaking him, and that to pursue his favorite policy of being the terror of English settlements was a sheer waste of time—since alone he could not accomplish his deadly deeds—he was not unwilling to abide by St. Ange's advice and bury the tomahawk. After so great a man as Pontiac embraced the arts of peace, the lesser men among the Indians promptly desisted from warfare—a procedure which meant much for the tiny settlement of St. Louis and much more for St. Ange's reputation. In fact, on so firm a basis was his fame established that by a unanimity of opinion, which speaks well for the intelligence of the inhabitants, he was selected as their commandant-general, with the sort of power in the matter of apportioning lands which was and is still done only by royal authority. That this honor, not to say prerogative, fell to him was most fortunate for the inhabitants, since at this time a person was sorely needed who, by a will power that could not be deviated, would be instrumental in settling, in the fairest way, the disputes which arose regarding the priority of possession.

When we recall that at this time all the country between St. Louis and the Pacific Ocean was thickly settled by Indians, and that even the colony founded by Pierre Laclède Liguist was literally surrounded by them, it is with considerable surprise that we read of the amicable relations which existed between the white man and his red-skinned neighbor. We hear nowadays a deal about French suavity and how superior the French nation is in this respect to all others; but what must not have been the advantages of the possession of this quality when the dealings with a race as belligerent as were the Indians really meant their thorough placating. The English would not have

fared so well, and though to-day they are about our best colonists, at the time of which we speak, they somehow failed to ingratiate themselves with the red man. An understanding of other men is not an every-day quality; in truth, it is among the rarest, but strange as it may sound, the early French colonist must have had it at his fingers' ends, since without it he would have made but small progress with a people who already were harboring none too friendly feelings against the white invader. But when the white man places the red man on the same footing with himself, much in the way of amity is accomplished, and this the Frenchman of those early days did, for he hunted with him, underwent his fatigues without demur, and did not make himself in the least objectionable by crying out against a fate that deprived him of the luxuries of life. Moreover, there was that absence of superciliousness in his attitude toward his inferiors which is so rarely lacking in the Anglo-Saxon; and what with his Gallic lightness and his non-Puritanic interference with the moral status of others, he adapted himself more and more to the social conditions of the red man. In fact, his adaptability went so far that in quite a large number of instances he did not hesitate to marry the daughter of a chief, thus allying himself more closely with the tribe. Very shocking, indeed, is this to our carefully nurtured ideas of propriety, but how necessary to the success of him who would be a successful colonist!

The plan of the village of St. Louis was formed in the spring of 1764 by no other than Pierre Laclède Ligest, and though the dimensions must strike the present dweller of the town as intensely ludicrous, to the supposedly omniscient mind of Laclède they were vast enough to answer all purposes for many years to come. The street which to-day is known as Main Street, had for either boundary Plum and Morgan Streets. It gloried for some

years in the exalted name of La Rue Royale, and then fell from grace and was known as La Rue Principale. Second Street of to-day extended from Cedar to Morgan Streets, but though at that time it had almost as many distinctions as La Rue Royale, it was treated as a step-child in the beginning, for it was spoken of slightly as "une autre rue principale." But directly a church was planned to lend dignity to the street, it came into its own, so to speak, and was re-baptized as La Rue de l'Eglise, or



St. Louis in 1780. From the Original Map Made by Auguste Chouteau and Now on File at U. S. Recorder's Office

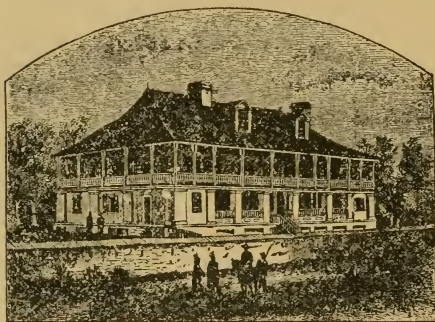
Church Street. What is to-day Third Street was between 1766 and 1780, La Rue des Granges, or the Street of the Barns. With the mention of the latter we have reached the uttermost limit of the village, and a step beyond would surely get us into the vast area which was called La Grande Prairie. So magnificent were the proportions of the village from Laclede's point of view, that he did not hesitate to prophesy to M. de Neyon, the French commandant at Fort de Chartres, that "St. Louis would be the most beauti-

ful city in America." This, by the way, is still a moot question.

All the houses prior to 1766, with the exception of Laclede's, were built of logs or poles daubed with mud. They had few comforts, and attest to the fact that the villagers were men of decidedly primitive tastes. When we take into consideration how excessive are our demands at present in the way of everything that is modern, or as our speech has it, "up to date," we cannot but think that perhaps hardihood has gone out of our lives and given place to an effeminacy that must be gratified in a thousand ways. Be that as it may, these huts were really far removed from what should constitute civilized man's abode, and if we dwell on this fact, it is merely to controvert what has so often been advanced but never proved—that these hardy settlers were of an aristocratic strain, when the truth is that for the most part they were good honest folk with extremely bourgeois blood flowing in their veins. But the honor which they deserve is not the less because of this.

After the arrival of Louis St. Ange de Bellerive from Fort de Chartres, the village assumed an air of prosperity, which was not due to any strenuous efforts on the part of the inhabitants, but to the fact that a number of merchants were attracted to the place on account of the salutary laws instituted by Laclede. The houses which the new-comers built were quite commodious and certainly put the regulation hut to shame. But though the architectural advances were significant of a better and more prosperous era for the village, none of the newer houses could compare in size with "Laclede's house." In the original plans for the village, Laclede laid out a public square which he called Place d'Armes, and which was bounded on the south, west and north by three narrow streets, to-day known as Walnut, Main and Market Streets. West of this

square was another of like proportions, and here in its isolated glory stood the *pièce de résistance*, from an architectural point of view,—“Laclede’s house.” Stone buildings with or without high basements are plentiful enough to-day and do not, as a general thing, arrest our attention, but when St. Louis was in its swaddling clothes, “stone” was an unknown quantity in the material which ingenious builders utilized for building purposes. No wonder, then, that “Laclede’s house,” a stone building with a high basement and a full gallery, attracted attention, being, as it undoubtedly was, an alluring oasis in a desert of mud-daubed huts!



Laclede's Home
Afterwards the Old Chouteau Mansion

Although the inhabitants resisted, to the best of their ability, the pressure of Spanish rule, there was one beneficent point in it which, though perhaps unappreciated in those days, is not

without interest to all those modern physicians who are interested in the alcohol question. As a counterblast to our lax liquor laws it would be well for us to con the stringent law the Spanish authorities promulgated. It reads as follows: “At each post there shall be but a certain number of tavern and dramshop keepers that we will appoint, who shall be persons of good conduct and devoted to the government. These, under no pretext, can sell or give liquor to Indians or slaves. They will give immediate notice of the least disturbance at their houses which may

lead to disorder, to the commandant or nearest syndic, that he may apply the most prompt remedy. All persons, other than those who shall be authorized to keep tavern, or dramshop, who shall be found to have sold liquor, shall undergo for the first offense three days' imprisonment and two dollars fine; for the second offense, five dollars fine and fifteen days' imprisonment; for the third relapse they shall be sent to New Orleans under safe conduct at their own cost and expense.

"Every person, either keeper of tavern or dramshop, or any other who shall be found to have given or sold liquor to Indians, shall at once be arrested, put in irons and sent under escort of a detachment of militia at his cost and expense to New Orleans, and his effects shall be seized and sequestered until the decision of his lordship, the governor-general."

What strikes us upon reading the above is that the Spaniards may have had a prescience of what the liquor trade was going to amount to in the future, and not wishing to be held responsible for encouraging in any way a business whose success depends on the laxity of law, they immediately undertook means to exterminate it. Granting all our prejudices against Spanish misrule in the various colonies which Spain has held in the Western World, it must be admitted, in all fairness, that as regards the sale of liquor she showed a rigor that cannot be too highly praised. No doubt the French of those early times considered the law an infringement of their personal liberty, just as we of to-day are wont to cry out against anything that our intense Americanism construes into an obstacle to our overweening ambition. Truth to say, quite a demonstration, on the part of a majority of our citizens, would take place were one of our saloon-keepers sent to New Orleans or any other equally distant point for violating our present kindly liquor laws!

There is one important point in describing a new colony that should not escape a critic's pen. It has often occurred to the present writer that were an historian to tell us less about battles and more about the customs of a people, especially their habit of dress, a better idea would be conveyed to the student about certain matters which are of prime importance. The histories which contain accounts of St. Louis when a village, and some time after, when it had achieved greater distinctions, while not exactly silent on the matter of dress are not any too explicit, and were it not for Monette, in his "History of the Valley of the Mississippi," we would not be in a position to know how the early settlers garbed themselves. Shops were not too plentiful in those early times; the conditions not being of so inviting a nature that the shopkeeper, ever alert to flaunt his wares in the public's eye, would be attracted by the usual lure. But despite this drawback the men and women contrived to dress quite decently, and by this is meant that they not only showed considerable ingenuity, but an enthusiastic regard for color and decoration that was not greatly dampened by the hardships and privations which must have been their daily lot. Monette's account runs as follows: "The principal garment in cold weather for men was, generally, a coarse blanket capote drawn over the shirt and long vest. The capote served the double purpose of cloak and hat, for the hood, attached to the collar behind, hung upon the back and shoulders as a cape, and, when desired, it served to cover the whole head from intense cold. Most commonly in summer, and especially among the boatmen, voyageurs and coureurs des bois, the head was enveloped in a blue handkerchief, turban-like, as a protection from solar heat and noxious insects. The same material, of lighter quality and fancy colors, wreathed with bright-colored ribbons and sometimes flowers, formed the fancy head-dress of the females on festive occasions;

at other times they also used the handkerchief in the more patriarchal style. The dress of the matrons was simple and plain; the old-fashioned short jacket and petticoat, varied to suit the diversities of taste, was the most common over-dress of the women. The feet in winter were protected by Indian moccasins, or the more unwieldy clog-shoe; but in summer and in dry weather, the foot was left uncovered and free, except on festive occasions and holidays, when it was adorned with the light moccasin, gorgeously ornamented with brilliants of porcupine quills, shells, beads or lace, ingeniously wrought over the front instead of buckles, and on the side flaps."

In the days of the Spanish governors, immigration was the question of paramount interest. Don Pedro Piernas, in a message to the governor-general at New Orleans, called his attention to the fact that many settlers "from the English Illinois" were making their homes on the west side of the river, in and around St. Louis.



Mississippi River Steamer

On the strength of these favorable reports, the second governor, Don Francisco Cruzat, was instructed to be ever mindful of the matter of immigration, and make attempts to induce the sturdy sons of Canada to forsake their native heath for what were sincerely thought to be the advantages of living in the prosperous village of St. Louis. To show how enthusiastic the Spanish government was on the subject, it is necessary to mention here that 40,000 pesos was set aside as an immigration fund. And when Charles Dehault Delassus was made governor of St. Louis in 1799, Gayoso, the governor-general at New Orleans, sent him the following instructions: "I recommend to you Messrs. Chouteau, Cerré and

Soulard. Please do whatever you can for them without showing any injustice to the rest. You must consider it a policy that, this being a time of general peace, it is not advisable to form or encourage new settlements, unless with Canadian people. These are generally the people we want. You can try to get information as to how it will be best to bring people from Canada at the smallest expense. You must not let the public notice you have adopted this policy. You understand that in things which cause interest and excitement you have to act with a great deal of tact."



St. Louis 1856-65—View from Lucas Place

But the Spanish control was not to last much longer. Louisiana, having been re-transferred back to France by secret treaty, was, in 1803, ceded to the United States. And with the passing of the territory out of the hands of all foreigners, St. Louis took a new lease of life. The shackles which had been placed around the growing village were now a thing of the past; the thongs which had bound the lusty child were torn asunder. No longer would it be necessary to curb ambition in the way Ramon de Lopez y

Angulo, the governor-general at New Orleans, had advocated, when he heard of the aggressiveness of certain Americans at St. Louis and sent the following message to Delassus: "Notwithstanding the advantage which may result from the working of an iron mine in your country, according to the plans presented to you by an American, David Wilcox, which you enclose to me in your communication of the 28th of November last, it will not be advisable to permit any American or foreigner to establish works in our possessions. Therefore, you must decline his proposition, not giving him to understand the reason why. You will do the same with all foreigners that may come, especially when they want concessions of land and establishments in this province."

The matter of population should engage our attention now, for the very excellent reason, that with all Americans the number of people in their towns is a matter of pride and a source of knowledge, whereby they can out-



View from Water Tower

distance their opponents in argument, when the important question arises as to the size and wealth of our various cities. It is well, in its way, to say that to-day St. Louis has a population of some 700,000; but though this might fill a number of optimistic souls with rejoicing, the important point to remember is whether the growth is recent or the slow outcome of accretions covering a large space of years. If we hark back to 1799, when the last Spanish governor, Delassus, took the census, we will find that in the settlement of St. Louis there were six hundred and eighty-one white people, fifty-three mulattoes, six free negroes,

and two hundred and sixty-eight slaves. But outside the palisades were living twelve hundred and three white settlers. This is mentioned because when Captain Amos Stoddard raised the American flag in 1804 he found that at least three-fifths of the rural population was American, while in the settlement of St. Louis four-fifths was French and Canadian. Already, in 1780, Shadrach Bond had brought to the banks of the Mississippi a colony of people from Maryland and Virginia, and though they settled for a time on the east side of the river, between what is now East St. Louis and Kaskaskia, quite a number later on crossed the river to St. Louis and made their homes in the adjoining rural districts. Added to this there were certain foreigners, described in the early chronicles as Germans, just because they were not either French, Canadian or American, who made a goodly quota in the population outside the settlement. (In those days, and some years later, for that matter, all people coming from Europe were loosely spoken of as Germans, because, to our uninitiated minds, all the European countries outside England and France belonged to Germany.)

On account of the number of people who settled beyond the palisades the increase in the rural population was continuous, and before long the American element, growing steadily towards the French settlement, not only influenced the offspring of the first colonists into a better appreciation of American ideas, but in the course of two or three decades changed the complexion of the town so that it practically lost its foreignness.

It is not often that the modern reader when looking for literary entertainment selects a city directory whereby to quench his thirst for knowledge. I doubt whether there is any reader to-day who has this special hobby. But with the writer who sets before him the task of writing of cities, the conning of early records is absolutely necessary, and

what could be more interesting and more instructive than an early product of this unliterary sort? In the first Directory of the City of St. Louis, published in 1821 by John A. Paxton, there are seven hundred and forty-nine names, besides considerable information as to churches, schools, business manufacturing enterprises, and the professions. The following excerpt is not without interest: "St. Louis, besides the elegant Roman Catholic Cathedral, contains ten common schools, a brick Baptist church built in 1818; an Episcopal church of wood; and the Methodist congregation hold their meetings in the old court house and the Presbyterians in the circuit court room. In St. Louis are the following mercantile, professional and mechanical establishments: Forty-six mercantile houses, which carry on an extensive trade with the most distant parts of the republic in merchandise, produce, furs and peltry; three auctioneers; three week-



St. Louis in 1866
Looking West from Locust Street
Henry Shaw's Home in the Foreground

ly newspapers, viz.: *St. Louis Inquirer*, *Missouri Gazette* and *St. Louis Register*, and as many printing offices; one book store; two binderies; three large inns, together with a number of smaller taverns and boarding houses; six livery stables; fifty-seven grocers and bottlers; twenty-seven attorneys; thirteen physicians; three druggists; three midwives; one portrait painter; five clock and watch makers, silversmiths and jewelers; one silver plater; one engraver; one tannery; three soap and candle factories; two brickyards; three stone cutters; fourteen bricklayers and plasterers; twenty-eight carpenters; nine blacksmiths;

three gunsmiths; two copper and tinware manufacturers; six cabinet makers; four coach makers; seven turners and chair makers; three saddle and harness manufacturers; three hatters; twelve tailors; thirteen boot and shoe manufacturers; ten sign painters; one nail factory; four hair dressers and perfumers; two confectioners and cordial distillers; four coopers; four bakers; one comb factory; one bell man; five billiard tables; several hacks or pleasure carriages, and the considerable number of fifty-seven drays and carts; several professional musicians; two potteries within a few miles, and there are several promising gardens in and near to the town."



St. Louis River Scene

Few people realize the various elements which enter into the making of a city. In our uncritical moments we are given to decidedly superficial judgments. We speak disparagingly of certain cities because the hustling spirit is

not paramount. And in our hastiness to arrive at conclusions our mental clarity is only too often obscured. St. Louis is no longer the conservative city that a flippant criticism has made it out to be, nor is it the greatest hustler on earth. It is steady in its growth, whether this be a matter of population or the educational improvement of the people. Its normality is a bit restful after the rush and roar so characteristic of other American cities. But when this is said, the writer does not wish to convey to the reader's mind that enterprise is lacking. If there are still with us some of the vestiges of the conservatism which has been handed down to us by the early French colonists,

there is also the high endeavor which the modern spirit engenders. St. Louis should not be thought a Southern city, in the sense in which all people living on the Atlantic seaboard regard Southern cities—namely, as one that takes things so easily and is so decidedly self-satisfied and self-sufficient that progress must beat hard on its walls before it gains recognition. Though in a part of the United States that might be regarded “in the South” by those who seldom study their geographies and depend for their opinions on hearsay, it has enough of the Northern flavor to



Eads Bridge and Levee

show that it is in the vanguard of progress. True, it has had its backsets, just as other American cities have had, and though its greatest retardation was experienced during the Civil War, on account of the conflicting opinions which made of it a storm center, its life as an enterprising community was only temporarily imperiled.

If I dwell on these facts at length it is only to emphasize the more the exuberant youth of the modern city. It has been my experience, and no doubt the experience of many St. Louisans, to hear strangers express surprise that St.

Louis is not the old and somewhat decrepit city, with a constant blanket of smoke overhead, that their imaginations had pictured. They are not thrown into convulsions of delight, be it understood, but they are disillusioned in the best way possible, for what strikes them most forcibly is that the Americanism which is altogether too strident in many of our mushroom towns is here tempered by enough conservatism to make it quite attractive. And thus we can very easily trace back to the beginnings of St. Louis an influence which came into the life of the colony with the advent of the French settlers, and that all the years which have since passed have not been able thoroughly to eradicate. But, on the other hand, the influences which are so necessary a part of the civic life of all American cities are by no means a negligible quantity. Were it otherwise, St. Louis would not be in a position to justify its claims as a city that has a regard for progress, education, and some of the beautifying effects so sadly neglected in most of our American cities.

CHAPTER II.

THE STREETS AND THEIR BUILDINGS.

The River Streets—The Old Cathedral—Merchants' Exchange—Fourth Street—The Court House—Charles F. Wimar—Francis Grierson's Reminiscence of the Planters' House—Broadway—Missouri Athletic Club—Washington Avenue—Henry Shaw's Residence—Mercantile Club—Olive Street and Its Tall Buildings—Custom House and Post Office—Twelfth Street and its Few Modern Buildings—Christ Church Cathedral—City Hall Park and its Horticultural Attractions—The Undignified Statue of General Grant—A Criticism of the City Hall—The New Municipal Courts Building—Four Courts—Union Station and its Resemblance to a Bastioned Gate—The Coliseum—Uhrig's Cave and its Past Glories—Humboldt Building—University Club—The Woman's Club—Young Men's Christian Association Building—Vandeventer Place and What it Stands For—The Odeon—St. Alphonsus (Rock) Church and its Graceful Spire—The Metropolitan Building—St. Francis Xavier's (College) Church—Lindell Boulevard—St. Louis Club—St. Peter's Episcopal Church—Lindell Boulevard as an Object Lesson—Temple Shaare Emeth—Columbian Club—The New Catholic Cathedral—The View from the Corner of Lindell Boulevard and Kingshighway—Westmoreland Place—Portland Place—Racquet Club—First Church of Christ, Scientist—Tuscan Temple—Four Well-Built Corners—St. John's M. E. Church, South—Temple Israel—The Second Baptist Church—Kingsbury Place—Washington Terrace—Hortense Place—Wednesday Club—The Attractiveness of the South Side—South Grand Avenue—Compton Place—Flora Boulevard—Liederkrantz Club—St. Francis De Sales' Church—The Absence of Historic Buildings—Souard Market.

ONE would not come to St. Louis to see broad avenues lined with historic structures, but one would be amply repaid were the desire a survey of some of the prettiest residential streets in the United States. Although, in the matter of age, St. Louis can count years whereas other American cities can count only days, so to

speak, the historic buildings which are now standing are few and far between. Whether their disappearance is due to a lack of veneration on the part of the citizens, or to the inroads of age which played havoc with them, it is not for the present writer to decide. But the glaring fact faces us that the wayfarer in search of the historic would be greatly disappointed.

But, when it is a question of modern ideas, as expressed in streets that tell the story of prosperity applied to purposes of comfort and beauty and a commendable sense of the artistic, St. Louis makes a good showing. These streets are not confined to the West End, where the wealthy reside, but can be found without difficulty on the South Side, a section of the city that is more or less Teutonic. In fact, throughout the town one comes upon spots that appeal to the eye on account of their beauty, and indicate in no uncertain way that the home is an important factor in the civic life of St. Louis. A thought that continually recurs to one's mind as one walks about the newer parts of the city is how very recent must be its growth, since everything looks so invitingly clean, from the color of the bricks or the stone to the neatly kept lawns, with hardly a blade of grass out of place. Taking houses separately, this might be a slight exaggeration, but in the aggregate the effect is as has been described.

The best way to describe the town to the stranger would be to divide it into a north side and a south side, with Market Street as the division. If one were to come into St. Louis on a steamboat, as was done in the good old days when railways were not so numerous as now, and arrive at the foot of Market Street, one would have to climb the levee (a tedious undertaking, by the way, on account of its incline and the roughnesses of its paving) before reaching the first real street of the city. This is Main Street, narrow and old and rather shabby, and given completely over

to the sort of business that necessitates the almost constant loading or unloading of drays and trucks. Second Street, just one block west, has no grander proportions, but is less taken up by wagons that are only meant for loads which strain horses' backs. Looking up and down this street from Market Street, we see before us a narrow and tortuous road that once, so history records, was highly praised by the French settlers on account of the elegance of its homes and its nearness, not only to the Mississippi, but to the open country farther west. If there is a trace of its former glory anywhere it would take many days of patient hunting to find it. But the stranger need not linger here long, for to be quite candid, nothing but an invincible love of commercialism could make him halt his footsteps. Third Street, while not the handsomest business street that one can imagine, is

so much cleaner, and its buildings are so much better than on the other streets which we have named, though the narrowness still prevails, that we ought to take hope and feel that the climb we have made up the incline from the levee has not been without some reward. And that the reward for wandering through a section of the city but little frequented by the citizens of St. Louis themselves, unless called hither on account of business, is a

genuine one, we would stop the wayfarer at once in front of the old Catholic Cathedral, which is the most historic church in St. Louis. This venerable pile of stone on Walnut Street, one block south of Market Street, was completed in 1834, and is an excellent specimen of the Renaissance style, with huge Doric columns at the entrance. Its



Old Cathedral

dimensions are one hundred and thirty-six feet by eighty-four feet, and when we remember how early in the history of St. Louis the church was built, we cannot but wonder at its size. The spire, diminutive alongside the spires of our modern churches, is built on the primitive lines which one sees to-day in the provincial churches of



Merchants' Exchange

Europe; but the kindly hand of Time has softened the straight lines by an elusive touch here and there, so that the general effect is fascinating enough. The chimes, consisting of six bells, were brought from France. The Cathedral was consecrated on the 26th of October, 1834.

Walking along Third Street, in a northerly direction, we arrive at the Merchants' Exchange, which is situated at the northwest corner of Third and Chestnut Streets, one block north of Market Street. This large and imposing stone structure is peculiar in that unlike most buildings of this sort its exterior is not encrusted with meretricious ornaments to attract the eye of the uncritical. Simplicity and unostentation seem to have been the keynote of the architect's plan, and what with the mellowing which time

and the usual smoke have effected, we have here a building that is not all youth and crassness. Fronting two hundred and thirty-three feet on Third Street and one hundred and eighty-seven feet on Pine and Chestnut Streets, it is really not one building, but two. The eastern part, which faces Third Street, is arranged for offices, while the western, separated from the former by a court twenty-seven feet wide, with open arcades along Pine and Chestnut Streets, is occupied by the Exchange Hall. This hall is two hundred and twenty-one feet long and ninety-two feet wide and has a ceiling some ninety feet above the floor. Seventy windows, arranged in two tiers, admit the light of day, and if this is mentioned with some emphasis it is because so few buildings, which are now erected, pay the proper heed to light and the possibility of admitting fresh air through large window space. Not a column or other obstruction is in the hall. The woodwork is of solid walnut, mahogany and other hard woods, and is attractively finished. The frescoed ceiling is divided into three compartments, each containing a grand medallion. The central figure is emblematic of St. Louis and is surrounded by groups typical of the agricultural, mineral, and industrial products of the Mississippi Valley. The group of figures to the north represents the four quarters of the world bringing their various offerings to the West, which, with outstretched arms, offers its products in exchange.

The two end compartments are composed of geometrical divisions, each containing four panels, with emblematic representations of the industries of the State of Missouri in bas-relief.

In the center of each compartment is a medallion twenty-six feet square. The one on the north end represents characteristic types of European nations—England, Germany, Italy, France, Scotland and Ireland, forming a central group, surrounded by Russia, Switzerland, Spain, Slavonia, European Turkey and Greece.

The south medallion represents characteristic types of Asia, Africa, Arabia, Egypt, Judea and Japan, forming the principal group, surrounded by Ethiopia, Caucasia, India, Persia, Abyssinia and Mongolia. The hall was ready for occupancy the 21st of December, 1875.



Fourth Street North of Pine Street

Leaving Third Street and directing our steps westward along Chestnut Street, we arrive on Fourth Street, which some thirty years ago was the principal retail street of the city, though even at that time Fifth Street, now Broadway, was snatching some of the laurels from its brow. Here we are at the top of the hill, so to speak, and what is better, on a street that has enough width to make a satisfying picture. While no longer popular in the sense of being frequented by thousands of shoppers, it is still a street that

shows no signs of decay. The buildings are a mixture of old and new, and while the old ones cannot hold their heads quite so high as the new, they are far from being in a state of dilapidation.

If we turn southward now, we are within a stone's throw of a building that merits attention, for its solidity, its simplicity, and its age typify the best elements which St. Louis can put forth to the stranger in the way of history and those qualities which can withstand all untoward criticism. The Court House is a source of pride on account of this, but what makes it doubly interesting to him who tires of newness, as expressed in monster office buildings, is the fact that it has been able to hold its own against the ravages of time and the onslaughts of those enterprising individuals who have small respect for what is old. The corner stone was laid on the 21st of October, 1839, and the occasion was made memorable by the address which Wilson Primm delivered. Now although the necessary enthusiasm was not lacking, the years that passed between 1843 and 1851 did not witness any material manifestation



Court House

of the flight of time. But in the year last named activity became apparent, and the east wing of the building was commenced. The erection of the south and north wings of the building dragged along in a rather exasperating way until 1859, when enough enthusiasm and energy were

brought to bear on the matter to effect the completion of the structure. This happy occurrence took place in the summer of 1862, and at last the citizens were gratified to see their wishes realized, though as usual there was some grumbling on account of the expenditure of what was considered in those days a foolishly exorbitant sum—one million two hundred thousand dollars.

The building has the form of a Greek cross and its dome is said to rank among the finest in this country. The lantern at the top of the dome commands an excellent view of surrounding points, and the unwearied traveler who is proof against fatigue and willing to see "everything," might profit by putting his hardihood to the test in the matter of climbing innumerable steps. Thomas D. P. Lanham drew the original design for the dome, but upon its being rejected, William Rumbold put his inventive faculty to work on a new design, which is the one we see to-day. The height of the dome from ball to sidewalk is one hundred and ninety-eight feet, and from the top of the flagstaff, two hundred and forty feet. The rotunda is sixty feet in diameter and the four circular galleries add to its attractiveness. On the four sides of the dome are historical paintings that at the time of their execution ranked among the best work of the lamented St. Louis artist, Charles F. Wimar, whose talent, if not genius, was not appreciated until many years after his death. They are now rather dim with age, and the efforts at restoration, which clumsy hands have essayed, have proved both ineffectual and disastrous. On one of the panels is portrayed the discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, on another the landing of Laclède on the site which afterwards became St. Louis, on still another the Indian massacre at St. Louis in 1780, and on the fourth panel, a western landscape. In the top gallery can be seen Wimar's conceptions of Law, Commerce, Justice and Liberty. But, let us add

here, to see this rarely gifted artist at his best, a trip to the Art Museum is necessary.

Retracing our steps, we soon reach the Planters' Hotel, a modern hostelry which would not arrest our attention but for the site upon which it stands. This is historic, since it was once occupied by the Planters' House, an unpretentious building, to be sure, but one that was bound close to the history of the city. Francis Grierson, in his recently published volume, "The Valley of Shadows," makes the following comment: "The Planters' House! What did it not represent in the history of the Far West in the early days! To me it was St. Louis itself. This famous hotel typified life on the Mississippi, life on the prairies, life on the cotton-fields, life in the cosmopolitan city. It stood for wealth, fashion, adventure, ease, romance—all the dreams of the new life of the Great West. It was the one fixed point where people met to gossip, discuss politics and talk business. It was the universal rendezvous for the Mississippi Valley. Here the North met the South, the East met the West. It looked like nothing else in the hotel world, but it always seemed to me it was intended more for pilots, river-captains, romantic explorers, far-seeing speculators and daring gamblers.



Fourth Street from Market Street

"It was here the goatee type was seen in all its perfection. On some of the chins the tufts of hard, pointed hair gave a corkscrew look to the dark faces, which somehow harmonized with the eternal quaffing of mint-juleps, sherry-cobblers, and gin cock-tails.



Broadway and Market Street, Looking North and East

"An hour spent in the Planters' House just before the great election was an experience never to be forgotten. All who did not want to shoot or be shot steered a clear course in some other direction, for here, in the bar lobbies, were the true 'fire-eaters' to be met, and while some had already killed their man, others were looking for a man to kill."

Broadway is reached by walking one block west on Chestnut Street, and directly we reach the corner a vista indicative of a shopping district is opened up before our eyes. This is best realized by looking north from Chestnut Street. Although no longer the only street that has the best shops, it is still of interest to all those individuals



Olive Street West of Fourth Street

who are ever on the alert when the question of wearing apparel is uppermost in their minds. Moreover, being the direct route to theaters and restaurants, it is a favorite promenade at night. Most of the buildings are modern, and what with the many electric lights which have recently

been installed — their number is too large to make an accurate estimate — its allurements cannot be denied. The street has for years had a safe place in the opinion of the citizens of St. Louis, and no rivalry seems to affect for long its reputation as a shopping district.

After leaving Chestnut Street and walking north we soon reach Olive Street, a canyon-like cut in the



Missouri Athletic Club

topography of the town. A cursory glance at this street must suffice for the present, since it is best to pursue one's way due north on Broadway, until Washington Avenue is reached. This, one of the broadest, if not the broadest street in the business district, is flanked by substantial buildings, which contain on their ground floors some of the best shops in the city.

Instead of wending our way toward Sixth Street, which is the real pivot of Washington Avenue's prosperity, it were best to walk a block eastward, since at the corner is the Boatmen's Bank Building, the upper floors of which, and part of the lower, are occupied by the Missouri Athletic Club. On the top floor, which is the seventh, is a gym-

nasium that has all the appurtenances which properly belong in a place of this sort. Boxing tournaments and other athletic feats are held here. On this floor are also four well-lighted hand-ball courts, a boxing room and two thousand lockers. The sixth and fifth floors are arranged for sleeping quarters, and unlike most St. Louis clubs, which look somewhat askance at having their members enjoy the privilege of bedrooms within the supposedly sacred precincts of the club-house, the management has supplied the members with no fewer than ninety-eight sleeping rooms. The fact of this club being in the business section of the city makes this provision doubly welcome. In the basement is a swimming pool eighty feet in length and twenty in width, which is lined with porcelain tiling and supplied with artesian water from a well on the premises.



Sixth Street and Washington Avenue, Looking West



Seventh Street North of Pine Street

Retracing our steps along Washington Avenue and walking a distance of two blocks, we come to Sixth Street, where it would be well to pause, if only to contemplate the bustle incident to a congested shopping district. Not so many years ago but that the memory is yet in the minds of the quite youthful, Washington Avenue, even as far riverwards as Broadway, was almost completely a thoroughfare of wholesale houses. If it had any attractions, they were not apparent to the close observer unless he was interested in solemn-faced exteriors. But all this has been changed and to-day Washington Avenue, from Fourth Street to Ninth Street, is a veritable picture of animation. In short, we have in the crowded parts of this street an excellent kaleidoscopic panorama of the variegated life of a large city.

Turning into Seventh Street and walking two blocks south, we come to the Mercantile Club, which is housed in a substantial building on the site of Henry Shaw's town-house. The corner was, during Henry Shaw's occupancy of the house, a bit of old St. Louis that seemed an anachronism among the shops which grew up alongside it and seemed to frown at it for its perversity in remaining in a neighborhood where it was no longer wanted. Whether the owner ever communed with the picturesque mansion to get at its true feelings—even houses that have the high values of enduring landmarks must have sensitive nerves!—or whether the desire to have the house nearer the garden spot that his money and love of horticulture had created, was the impelling motive that prompted the provision in his will to the effect that at the discretion of the administrators its removal should be effected, is not within the knowledge of the present historian, but two years after his death the old house vanished from its accustomed site, and a public that had not



Mercantile Club

lost completely an appreciation of healthy sentiment saw it rise up again, without the slightest change, in what was Shaw's Garden, but is now the Missouri Botanical Garden.

But the building which replaced it is not an unsightly structure. It not only has good architectural lines, but a high-pitched roof that faintly reminds one of those

fascinating houses which Hamburg and Nuremberg are quite willing to harbor, despite the onslaughts of the modern builder. The club proper enjoys considerable popularity among the business men of St. Louis, since it is not only a place where men meet to eat their meals and



Eleventh and Olive Streets, Looking East

while away an hour at billiards or at cards, but has for its object the forgathering of the best business minds the city can boast of, in the cause of reforms and for the advocacy of measures, on behalf of the city's welfare, which shall yield the happiest results to the community.

Pursuing our course south on Seventh Street, we are again on the street which has already been criticized none too favorably as the canyon of our city's topography. Just why the ingenious modern builder singled out Olive Street for the erection of some of the tallest office buildings in

the city, is not clear to the writer of this book, since no street in the business section could be worse adapted to bear with dignity and grace sky-shivering structures for cliff-dwellers. Be this as it may, the street is evidently the victim of those who have allowed their business acumen to blind them to the simplest tenets of the much-talked about, but rarely heeded, problems involved in the realization

of a "City Beautiful." The Chemical Building, at the northeast corner of Eighth and Olive Streets, is an excellent specimen of tallness that has the power of reducing the strip of sky on a narrow street to proportions that make it look like a bluish-black ribbon that is none too clean. But perhaps the smoke has something to do with this.

Directly across Eighth Street is the Custom House and Post Office. By contrast with what our eyes have just rested on, this building creates a pleasant impression that fortunately is not fleeting, but enduring enough to give us the pause we really need, to recover from the obsession

caused by contemplating too many modern structures. Here are harmony, beauty of line, and enough of grace to appeal to the critical, and though the gray granite is grayer than it should be, on account of a layer of smoke and



Chemical Building



Custom House and Post Office

dust that has fastened upon it (washings, though repeated at shorter intervals than actually take place, would, we fear, be ineffectual in restoring its pristine color), the thought, which arises from viewing this Renaissance structure, is that the Federal Government is decidedly against



Christ Church Cathedral

the tawdry in the matter of architecture. Although the foundation was started in 1873—the basement walls are red granite—the superstructure was not completed until 1884. But time is a small matter with Governments, be they Federal, Imperial or Royal, when buildings which are put up to last are under construction.

Continuing our walk along Olive Street, we arrive shortly at Twelfth Street and breathe a sigh of relief once more because of its generous dimensions. But though it has all the allurements which we, as superficial loiterers, would think must attract the enterprising builder in search of the right place to exhibit his most cherished wares—tall office buildings—few structures that demand a craning of the neck are here. With the exception of the Jefferson Hotel, with its twelve stories, and the Star Building, with its ten stories, all the buildings are squat, and the impression this thoroughfare makes, from Washington Avenue to Market Street, is one of shabbiness with isolated spots of freshness and newness.

At this point one historic spot in the vicinity of Twelfth and Locust Streets should not be overlooked. By walking one block west Christ Church Cathedral is reached. If English ivy could be made to grow against the blackened walls of this English Gothic structure, the illusion would be complete, for one could easily imagine himself in some

English Cathedral town, despite the un-English buildings opposite on Locust Street. Although begun some time before the Civil War, it was not finished until Christmas Day, 1867. The erection of the tower, which has been delayed these many years, is now under contemplation, and with its completion the church will no doubt take a new lease of life: by which is meant that its rejuvenation will be a guarantee of its remaining years longer in a neighborhood that is already blatantly commercial.

Passing along the section of Twelfth Street between Olive and Market Streets, as quickly as possible, so as to avoid viewing the dilapidated buildings, which were not even in the first flush of youth, some thirty years ago, when Lucas Market occupied the center of this broad street and added life to the neighborhood, we find ourselves *vis-à-vis* the City Hall. The park, which surrounds this municipal building whose height is somewhat spoiled by an excessively cumbrous roof, is as pretty a bit of horticultural effort as anyone would wish. In summer, especially, the velvety sward, interspersed with beds that show excellent taste in the selection of flowers, brings relief to the eye wearied by the sordidness of the surrounding buildings. A park that covers two city blocks in the heart of an American city is unusual enough to merit praise, even though, as in this case, its beauty is somewhat marred by the mediocre statue of General Grant, which a wise municipal judgment has consigned to a part of the grounds not often visited by strangers—the part that faces Clark Avenue.

The City Hall was begun in 1891, but it was some years later before it was completed. I use the word “some” out of deference to those delays which are unavoidable, and not because there need be any condoning of those avoidable obstacles which, whenever a municipal building is erected, crop up with a persistency that tries the nerves of even the most patient citizens. But in this respect St. Louis is

not worse off than other American cities; in fact, when we read the lurid reports of the slow processes characteristic of municipal architectural undertakings elsewhere, an optimistic feeling that breeds content should be ours.



City Hall

The building is three hundred and seventy feet long and two hundred and five feet wide, and its spacious interior has all the advantages that amplitude can grant. The delegates' chamber and the council chamber are apartments that invite only the friendliest criticism, even though at times they may be the scene of unnecessary wrangling. The rotunda has a beautiful marble staircase that makes this part of the building imposing. At first glance, the French chateau style of architecture seems in consonance with one's ideas of how a City Hall should be built, since it takes one back to early times in European history when the Town Hall was the artistic center, architecturally speaking, of every community, and housed a picturesquely garbed mayor and the well-nourished members of his cor-

poration. But in an American city it seems a bit out of place—an anachronism, to be more explicit, on account of an ornateness that is incongruous with the simplicity which is always associated in our minds with the heads of civic affairs.

The new Municipal Courts Building, now in course of erection directly west of the City Hall, will be more pleasing to the eye, for the French Renaissance in its best estate will be followed. It will be constructed of granite, Bedford stone, brick and concrete, and when completed will house the entire Health Department on the ground floor. The other floors will be occupied by the five Criminal Courts, Police Department, Juvenile Court, Attorney's offices, etc. The Municipal Jail is to be erected immediately south of the main building, and will cost some three hundred thousand dollars.



New Municipal Courts

The Four Courts Building is reached from the City Hall by walking along Twelfth Street, due south. Upon arriving at Clark Avenue a grimy edifice, that looks as if civic neglect had singled it out for its hardest blows, stands before us. While the building itself has no attractions for us it is interesting on account of its being the home of the

St. Louis Criminal Court, the Court of Criminal Correction, the City Marshal, City Attorney, Coroner and other officials. It is said that the name of "Four Courts" was derived from the famous "Four Courts" of Dublin, Ireland; but similar to all adaptations of foreign names,



Four Courts

only the ludicrous is apparent. Who among us has forgotten those halcyon days when every third-rate theatre in this country was called a Grand Opera House!

Walking in a westerly direction on Market Street we soon gain Eighteenth Street, and find ourselves in the presence of Union Station, which is so distinctive a building and stands out so prominently in this neighborhood of mean houses, that attention is at once riveted upon it. (Why is it that in most of our cities the railway stations can be approached only through a maze of buildings, which, for some unexplained reason, seem never to be within the ken of the ambitious real estate speculator and builder in their onward march in the service of progress?) That part of the station which faces Market Street has a frontage of six hundred and six feet, ample enough for any station, and is built of Bedford limestone. The south

and west walls are of gray brick above, and of buff Roman brick below the roof of the train shed. The roof is covered with Spanish tiles of a color to match the stone walls. A free treatment of the Romanesque style of architecture has been followed, and by stretching one's imagination just enough to call up one's knowledge of medieval times, one may liken this imposing and artistic building to a bastioned gate of those far-away times. If the much-criticized Terminal Association, which is in control of the station, paid but small heed to the architectural meaning of their building, they certainly builded better than they knew, for this modern elaboration of a feudal gateway typifies, in more ways than one, the "serene, indifferent to Fate" attitude of the owners of the only railway entrance



Union Station

and exit of the city, to the grumbling of the dissatisfied merchants, whose complaints have already passed from a whisper to an almost constant roar. But this is a matter of so controversial a nature that it has no place in a book which takes a cheerful view of things.

The Grand Hall on the first floor is of regal proportions. Its barrel-vaulted ceiling rises to a height of sixty-five feet above the floor. The walls start with a dado of dark green faience blocks. Between this and the bracketed frieze (eighteen feet from the floor line), the plain wall surfaces are lined with scagliola in tints and veinings of green and yellow. The brackets of the frieze, the capitals of the clustered columns, and other ornaments in relief, are touched with gold leaf. The ornamental ribs of the vaulted ceilings are covered solid with gold. The ceiling panels are painted in a greenish-yellow, enriched with stencil work. The deeply recessed background of the end-arches and arcaded galleries is in a dull blue, giving them strength, immense depth, and distance. The end walls of the Grand Hall are pierced with an arch of forty-foot span. The sweep over the arch, between a rich quirk bead in solid gold and the ceiling-angle, is decorated with low relief tracery, emerging from female figures with torches in their uplifted hands. These figures are placed at radiating lines, seven on each wall. The building was erected in 1895 and the architects were Theodore C. Link & Son.

No doubt, by this time, the wayfarer is foot-sore and eye-wearied, so it would be wise to take an Eighteenth Street electric surface car and travel northward to Washington Avenue, where, with a transfer, a trip on a west-bound electric car will take him to Jefferson and Washington Avenues. Upon leaving the car he will see a substantial three-storied red brick building of no architectural pretensions that is built on the lines usually followed in convention halls. This is the Coliseum. The hall has the distinction of having the largest seating capacity of any hall in the United States, the maximum capacity being about eighteen thousand. During the session of the American Medical Association the Registration

Bureau will be installed here, as well as the Commercial and Scientific Exhibits.

On the site of this building was once Uhrig's Cave, which was really a garden, and not a cave, to the casual visitor, though rumor had it that a number of caves were underground. Many a youthful mind in the early eighties was moved to a state of romanticism on account of the mystery attaching to these subterranean passages, but the initiated knew that their only glory was that once upon a time they had been used for storing beer. Uhrig's Cave in its palmy days was the scene of operatic performances, and, if I mistake not, Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado" received its initial presentation in this garden. After some years of prosperity it went the way of most things that fail to keep pace with the advances a critical public always demands.

Washington Avenue, from Jefferson to Grand Avenues, tells a tale of past prosperity, and if houses, which were once inhabited by the prosperous but are now emblems of disheartening deterioration, are of any interest to the loiterer, he will find ample material to hold his attention. Arrived at Grand Avenue, he will see directly in front of him the Humboldt Building, which houses a goodly number of the medical profession. Turning his steps northward, the University Club is the next building which will attract his notice.



Coliseum

The architecture of this building is artistic enough to indicate that the architect, who drew up the plans, was not devoid of a sense of proportion and the value of ornamentation in the way of terra-cotta. When the club bought their present quarters, the building was rated the hand-



University Club

somest residence in St. Louis, and though many rivals have since sprung up, it manages to hold its own as an excellent expression of the art of architecture. Within, it has commodious rooms which have undergone but slight changes since the building passed into the possession of the club, for the interior decorations, as regards woodwork, mantels and staircases, were of so high a degree of perfection that even the slightest

change would have amounted to a desecration.

Making a slight detour here, we are soon opposite the building occupied by the Woman's Club. This organization received its incentive just prior to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1904, and though it was an innovation in St. Louis clubdom, its existence is far from precarious. In fact, so prosperous is this club that already rumors are abroad of a desire to acquire larger quarters. The building is an old-fashioned three-storied double "stone front" house of the period when comfort, and not

outward ornamentation, was the outstanding quality of St. Louis residential architecture. Within, everything is arranged to further the amenities of club life. A ball-room of goodly proportions, delightful within, but an architectural nightmare without, since the builder took no thought of the building upon which he was fastening his bizarre idea, is an invaluable adjunct, for throughout the winter season it is the scene of many balls and musicales.

Again pursuing our journey in a northerly direction along Grand Avenue, we reach, in a few minutes, a five-storied brick building, the home of the Central Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. The entrance to the building is on Franklin Avenue, and a broad double marble staircase leads to a spacious rotunda on the second floor, from which opens the office of the branch. On this floor are the Association Hall, an auditorium seating nearly one thousand, the Lecture Hall, seating two hun-



St. Louis Woman's Club

dred and fifty, the Reading Room, Parlor, and other rooms devoted to Association activities. The Physical department contains a large gymnasium with running track, baths of various kinds, a swimming-pool, bowling-alleys, lockers and dressing-rooms.

Walking now along the opposite side of the street, the sightseer is greeted by an expanse of shrubbery, trees and grass, grateful indeed in its effect, after wanderings through many streets that are bare of anything that might give shade whereby to rest the eye. Vandeventer



Vandeventer Place

Place has a distinction which no other "Place" in St. Louis has, for though it has a past, a present, and let us hope, a future, it has never changed an iota for the worse. This distinction may strike the stranger as being of no moment,

but to the man born and bred in St. Louis it means that the changes wrought in other streets, which once were fashionable, have never been allowed the slightest chance to place their blighting touch on this fair spot. Grand Avenue, in close enough proximity to this residential quarter to drag it down to its lower level of business and reconstruction, might just as well be blocks away for all the effect it has had in bringing about the slightest mutation.

Both sides of the "Place" are lined with substantial abodes that are not mere houses, but homes in the best sense of the word, for they look as though they had belonged to the occupants long enough to be peculiarly their own. Moreover, that first indication of a step downward in the history of an American street, the tell-tale "For Rent" sign, has never had a welcome here.

Re-crossing Grand Avenue, and walking a short distance, two buildings, neither of them impressive from an architectural standpoint, loom up for our notice. The first is the Central High School, of which mention will

be made in another chapter; the second, the Masonic Temple, popularly known as the Odeon. This white brick building is five stories in height and has an auditorium which seats some two thousand people. During the winter season many concerts take place here; the concerts by the St. Louis Symphony



The Odeon

Orchestra being the most frequent. The acoustics are admirably adapted for musical performances, and, what with the chaste interior decorations, the comfortable chairs, and the spacious aisles, man's creature comforts are nicely looked after. The Section in Surgery will hold its meetings in this well-arranged hall.

On the same side of the street but some steps farther north, is St. Alphonsus (Rock) Church. The exterior is worthy of study, since it presents an almost perfect picture of English Gothic architecture. Inside, there are many features that make for artistry.



St. Alphonsus (Rock)
Church

The altars, five in number, are of hand-carved Carrara marble, and the sixteen stained glass windows, representing scenes in the life of Christ, are so beautiful that no one, after seeing them, can doubt that this art is still at high-water mark. The exquisitely proportioned spire shoots clean into the upper spaces, and has that grace of contour which reminds one of what Schelling, the German

philosopher, really meant when he said that architecture was "frozen music." No other material besides stone has been used in the exterior, and even the wall surrounding this unusual ecclesiastical edifice is of the same material. Hence its name, with the people, of Rock Church.



St. Francis Xavier's Church

Retracing our steps along Grand Avenue, with here and there a glance at the shops and at some of the old-fashioned residences interspersed with the modern structures, we are not long in reaching the corner of Grand Avenue and Olive Street, without

exception the most populous up-town corner of the city. At the northeast corner is the Metropolitan Building, the largest doctors' office building in the city, a modern structure of white glazed brick, eight stories in height. Crossing Olive Street with ever an eye on surface cars and automobiles, our course lies southward past the new Princess Theater toward Lindell Boulevard.

At the southwest corner of this spacious street our attention is at once fixed on an ecclesiastical pile of stone that is an excellent architectural lesson, since it shows the advantages that the Gothic of the Transition Period has over the enriched and debased Gothic with its elaborate and expensive carvings. Massiveness, symmetry and boldness are the salient features that speak from the walls of St. Francis Xavier's Church, and he would, indeed, be a dullard who would not be moved to a show of enthusiasm by their appeal. The front elevation on Grand Avenue shows unmistakably the high values of the Gothic

which was adopted. All the entrances are flanked by massive masonry and cut stone, and are surmounted by independent gables standing out from the main wall, but connected with it by heavy weathered roofstones. The inner arch of the front entrance differs in form from the main arch. It is prepared to receive, in bas-relief, the representation of the Last Judgment. The moulding of this arch is what is called the dog-tooth moulding, something peculiar to the early English style. The main front wall contains a handsome rose window, eighteen feet in diameter, deeply recessed. The rose window is set in a panel with clustered columns, which support a deeply moulded and hooded arch.



Interior of St. Francis Xavier's (College) Church

But it is the interior of the church that holds us fast on account of the High Altar, which is not only lustrous with marble, but shows in each and every turn of its sculptural lines the deft touch of the artist. It rises, in

the center of the apse, to a height of thirty-seven feet above the sanctuary floor. But its height, while important enough to note, on account of its unusualness, is as nothing compared with the lesson that is brought home to us of the superiority of Carrara marble to all other marble, no



Lindell Boulevard, Looking West from Grand Avenue

matter what its local fame may be. The side altars, while smaller, attest similarly to the worth of hand carving, when it is effected by means of a cunning that approximates to the unusual.

Of Lindell Boulevard much could be written, for its length, its width and the general style of its houses—some brick, some stone—make up a unit such as we do not find on any of the other long residential streets, where every now and then some incongruity obtrudes itself to disturb the evenness of our tempers. It sweeps freely, independently, and quite in the manner of an arrogant person who knows his worth and value, and in defiance of all criticism, from Grand Avenue to Kingshighway, a distance that cannot be calculated in feet. The rather steep incline from

Grand Avenue prevents a bird's-eye view of its full length and its varied attractions, but after mounting this incline and resting in front of the St. Louis Club, the survey is the sort that comes only from spaciousness.



St. Louis Club

The St. Louis Club represents in the concrete the city's commercial prosperity, for most of the members belong to the class that has money, or is supposed to have. The building cleverly reproduces French architectural ideas and its "Mansard" roof is not without distinction. In truth, Jules Hardouin-Mansard, were he living now and a visitor to this city, would not smile superciliously, in the manner of most foreigners, upon viewing it. The mottled brick which covers the walls has already the appearance of age, and this, in a comparatively new building, is really an admirable adjunct. But what is most striking about the club, aside from its architectural beauties, is the fact that it opens its doors to the wives of the members, quite ungrudgingly, and thus offers an excellent lesson in unselfishness.



St. Peter's Episcopal Church

After the richness and massiveness of the architecture of St. Francis Xavier's, the simplicity of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, at the southeast corner of Lindell Boulevard and Spring Avenue, is not unwel-

come. Not that the former had a cloying effect on us—it is too perfect a specimen of the style of architecture it represents for that—or that the latter is interesting enough to make us stand before it agape, but its lines, falling from the high level of St. Xavier's, and not demanding close study on account of any fascinating perfections, bring to our somewhat tired eyes and wearied brains the grateful sensation which results from mental relaxation. Who has not stood entranced before a Rubens painting, held fast by the brilliance of its coloring, and then turned to a simple Dutch interior by Gerard Dou, with gratitude?

A short distance beyond the St. Louis Club the Boulevard forks, the narrower section at once taking the name of McPherson Avenue. The spot where this takes place is covered by an ornamental lamp-post with quite a large number of lights. In a city where street ornamentation is not too greatly encouraged, this isolated demonstration of the possibilities of lighting in the residential streets should not be passed over as of no moment.

On a summer afternoon, when the weather is not too hot, a stroll on the Boulevard is not fatiguing, for the trees are plentiful enough to shade the sidewalks, and the deep lawns with their close-cropped grass grant the repose which the eye demands when wearied by too much sunlight. And even on bleak wintry days, or worse still, when the air is yellow with smoke and fog, walking on the Boulevard to the point where it dips into Forest Park is somehow more enjoyable than on other thoroughfares. To one who has closely studied the effects of light and shade in city streets, the obscurities of atmosphere on some have seemed less than on others; and though I would not contend that the haze is less on Lindell Boulevard, just because the gods always favor the rich, I am, nevertheless, of the opinion that it is less dense and less saturated with these objectionable and irritating particles which invariably lodge

in one's eyes and throat. Perhaps its very spaciousness may have something to do with this: a surmise that would not be a foolish lesson when our city fathers contemplate the laying out of new streets.

Strolling along we soon reach Vandeventer Avenue where on the southeast corner stands Temple Shaare Emeth, a concrete example in rough stone of a departure from Orientalism. On the opposite side of the street, a short distance from the corner, is the Columbian Club. The building is three stories high, has an ample frontage and a cleanly look on account of the buff-colored brick used in its construction. Within, it is commodious, and the entrance-hall and staircase have a spaciousness few clubs possess. The finishing is in hard wood, and what its outside lacks in those elegancies which the modern sight-seer demands, is compensated for by taste and artistic display within.

For some distance beyond Vandeventer Avenue the Boulevard is somewhat monotonous, on account of the smallness of the houses and the neglect of the gardens, but from Sarah Street to Boyle Avenue a more interesting part is passed, and beyond this point, until we reach Forest Park, there is nothing to cavil at.

Besides the really beautiful residences that meet the eye on either side, there is one building in the course of erection that is so large, so dominating even in its unfinished state, that were we to speak of it in but a few words,



Columbian Club

we would lay ourselves open to the charge that we are not appreciative of the gigantic in ecclesiastical architecture. We are now speaking of the New Catholic Cathedral at the northwest corner of Lindell Boulevard and Newstead Avenue. People in the Western States are apt, when they

indulge in comparisons, to drop into the colloquial phrase: "Well, anyway, it's larger than anything they've got in New York," especially when buildings are the topic of conversation. But in this instance, even though the memory of St. Patrick's Cathedral is fresh in our minds, to



New Catholic Cathedral

make the right sort of comparison—of course, we are referring only to size—it would be necessary to bring before the mind's eye the proportions of the new Byzantine Roman Catholic Cathedral in Westminster, London. But even with the thought of that enormous mass of brickwork before us, we are not in a position to realize the gigantic proportions of the new Cathedral, since in all its dimensions it outdistances its English rival. The style of architecture is Romanesque, and the material gray granite of a texture that only the quarries of Concord, New Hampshire, yield. The interior design will be an excellent example of the Byzantine, and will show in the varicolored marbles, in the gilding and the mosaics, a modern interpretation of what the earliest ecclesiastical architecture stood for. Color values, as they pertain to interior church decorations, are not always studied as closely as they should be by the

decorator, but as regards the new edifice promise is made that the hand of the artist will have full sway. The seating capacity will accommodate between three thousand and four thousand people; and though these figures may appear astounding at first glance, a cursory examination of the Cathedral cannot but verify their truthfulness. But what is best of all for those who delight in churches only from an architectural point of view, is the promise that when the dome is completed it will have sufficient height to attract attention, even in distant parts of the city. What person, be it asked, who has some regard for the architecture of his town, is not interested in the domes and spires that declare their decorativeness far above the dust and sordidness of the usual street and neighborhood?

Those among us who have been to Paris may recall—and who can forget the first sensation caused by the glorious view?—the eight avenues which radiate from the Gate of the Star at the head of Champs Elysées. While I am not so foolhardy that I would for a moment compare the part of Lindell Boulevard upon which we are standing with the undying glories of the Paris view, I am, nevertheless, faintly reminded of it every time I gaze around from this point of vantage. For from here may be seen a section of Forest Park that is as pretty a sylvan spot as one could desire: Lindell Boulevard to the



Portland Place

west, narrowed down somewhat, but running its straight, clean course out to Washington University; Westmoreland Place, with its trees, its shrubbery, its homes of elegance and comfort; Portland Place, hugging close to Westmore-

land Place, as if it felt in need of the elder place for social prestige; and, lastly, Kingshighway, which has the width and the swing without which no street need compete for first honors.



Racquet Club

Turning into Kingshighway, then, and walking in a northerly direction, we pass the "Places" already mentioned, and before long are opposite a severely plain five-storied brick structure whose architecture cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be called even slightly ornate. This is the Racquet Club, but recently organized, and blessed with an exuberance of youth that is most commendable. The Racquet and Squash Courts and the Gymnasium are indicative of a desire on the part of the members to engage in athletics. The fact of the club being situated in what is colloquially spoken of as "the best part" of the city, is an advantage that cannot be gainsaid.



First Church of Christ, Scientist

In front of us is the First Church of Christ, Scientist, a substantial building of dark red brick that stands some distance back from the street, in grounds which have considerable attractiveness. The church, while making no pre-



Tuscan Temple

tensions to architecture, has some good lines, and withal is a welcome addition to the newer buildings in the neighborhood.

A little farther north, on the same side of the street, is the Tuscan Temple, the most luxurious meeting-place of any Masonic lodge in the city. The inviolability of the oath the members take is well expressed in the style of architecture, for though the huge columns do not stand for aught but ornamentation, the windowless front may be considered emblematic of disapproval of tongues that wag too readily. In short, the building seems to express contempt for those whose weakness runs to the telling of all they know.

The four corners, which are made by the intersection of

Washington Avenue with Kingshighway, are covered with buildings far above the average. Three of them are clothed in equal dignity, for the structures are dedicated to the uplift which comes from a deep religious feeling.



St. John's M. E. Church, South



Temple Israel

The fourth, on the other hand, is devoted to materialism in the shape of a modern hotel. What other four corners in the residential part of the city can make a similar boast?

Adjoining the Tuscan Temple is a very good example of the Italian Renaissance, adapted to the exigencies of space and the purposes for which the structure is intended. St. John's M. E. Church, South, has the distinction of being the first edifice erected on the three corners, and by its salutary lesson it taught the others that church architecture need not necessarily be a mass of brick and stone thrown together in higgledy-piggledy fashion. That they profited by the lesson cannot be denied. The auditorium is eighty feet square, and seats six hundred. The bell-tower is reminiscent of Florence.

Across Washington Avenue, from the church just mentioned, stands a building that is unusual, in as far as its architecture takes us back to the times when Greek culture and Greek art were in their heyday. Temple Israel, by its Doric columns with ornate capitals, its pediment, its architrave, and, especially, by the purity and severity of its lines, is a declaration to all passers-by that Orientalism, as expressed in stone, need not be an integral part of a modern synagogue. While there



Second Baptist Church

may be some who will object to a radicalism that makes light of past traditions, the fact remains that so long as nothing definite is known of the architecture pertaining to Herod's Temple—what have not been the wranglings of antiquarians over this matter!—a complete secession is far better than any bastard imitation.

The third corner is embellished with a church edifice that has so many architectural points of value that a careful study of them would be most profitable. The Second



Kingsbury Place

Baptist Church is an excellent illustration of judgment, perspicuity and a desire to lend assistance to the realization of the Utopian dream—a City Beautiful. Lombard Gothic architecture is not often duplicated in this country, for the reason that its difficulties are not easy to surmount; hence, praise should be meted out to this successful attempt. The group of buildings consists of a main department on the left and a chapel on the right, united by two loggias. Between the buildings and the loggia is a sunken garden, in the center of which is a water mirror, to reflect the buildings in the sky. The most distinctive feature of the whole structure is the Campanile, which is no rank imitation, but an excellent reproduction of some of the salient points to be found in the Campanile of Giotto at Florence.

Turning due west now and pursuing our walk along Washington Avenue, we pass many charming homes, indicative of considerable thought in the way of diversified architecture. The gardens are smaller than on some of the other streets in what is known as the West End, and the houses in closer intimacy with each other on account of the



Washington Terrace

narrowness of the building lots, but taken all in all the part of the street, between Kings-highway and Union Avenue, makes an agreeable impression.

On the west side of Union Avenue, near Delmar Avenue, are the entrances to

two of the most attractive "Places" in St. Louis. The one nearest us—supposing that we are still near the corner of Washington and Union Avenues—is Kingsbury Place; and though its entrance must have cost the builders considerable time and labor and the owners of the ground a tidy sum, it has all the hall-marks of ostentation and disproportion. The nude figure, the work of a St. Louis artist, is cleverly done, but it would look much better elsewhere, since it is dwarfed by the columns on either side. Washington Terrace, which is north of Kingsbury Place, fares better in this respect, for its entrance is a modest exhibition of the builder's art. Moreover, red brick, when toned down by age, is so much less garish than white stone that has the persistency to remain white despite dust, smoke and rain. Both "Places" are graced, however, by houses that have all a modern soul could wish for as to size and comfort.

The streets which I have attempted to describe by no means exhaust the list of the thoroughfares in the West End which are worthy of separate notice. But the idea was to convey to the reader just enough knowledge of what he might see, if the inclination impels him to walk

through a section of the city that has many residences and gardens which are above the ordinary. Nor have I expatiated on all the "Places," for their number, while not so large as that of the streets



Hortense Place

which should come in for notice, is of sufficient magnitude to preclude mention of all. One "Place," in particular, which has been overlooked by the writer, deserves a few lines, if only to call the visitor's attention to the possibilities of a short strip of ground sandwiched between other streets. Hortense Place illustrates this better than any other "Place," for its natural advantages were few and its dimensions decidedly limited. But a wise judgment did not go unrewarded.

Before leaving this part of the city I would call the visitor's attention to the building of the Wednesday Club at the corner of Taylor Avenue and Westminster Place. To



Wednesday Club

reach this building from where I left the visitor, it would be necessary for him—provided he is foot-sore by this time—to take the McPherson Avenue electric car at the corner of Euclid and McPherson Avenues, and then dismount at the corner of Taylor Avenue and Olive Street. After

walking one block south, Westminster Place is reached. While there is nothing particularly attractive about the building—the roof looks as if it were tired of its position and most anxious to emulate a landslide—it is the only literary club controlled by femininity in the city that has



Compton Place

its own club-house. This distinction was not won through herculean literary labors that were rewarded thus by public benefactors, but was the outcome of perseverance on the part of the members. The auditorium is commodious and an excellent place for lectures.

For some reason, which has never been satisfactorily explained by philosophers, certain parts of a city are more frequented by sightseers than others, though the neglected sections may have attractions that are far from despicable. Whether strangers act altogether on the advice of their mentors and thus form prejudices which deprive them of instruction in unbeaten paths, or whether their acumen is at fault in the matter of seizing upon what would yield profit in the way of sightseeing, is too difficult a problem for the present writer to solve. But the fact remains that a part of St. Louis with attractions that are the equal of those in the West End is seldom visited by the wayfarer who abides with us for a short time, though when questioned he will show by his remarks that he is quite sure he

has seen all there is to be seen, having exhausted the treasures of the West End. I am now speaking of the South Side.

To reach the heart of the residential district on the South Side, it were best for the visitor to take the Grand Avenue electric car, anywhere the length of Grand Avenue, and get off at the corner of Grand and Lafayette Avenues. Here he will find himself directly opposite Reservoir Park, with Grand Avenue running south and Lafayette Avenue running east. Walking along Grand Avenue, on the east side of the street, he will soon arrive at Compton Place, a residential quarter with winding roads that are kept up after the manner of park roads, and houses that show no eccentricities on the part of the builders, but are indicative of excellent architectural ideas in the way of comfort, solidity and unostentation. The trees and the grass have a healthier hue than in the West End "Places"—smoke in this part of the city being less dense, the blighting effects are not so evident—and as for the flowers, they attest to the Teutonic love of horticulture.

Flora Boulevard, which is a short distance beyond, is one of the newer "Places" on the South Side. Its name is a misnomer, since it is altogether too short a street for so dignified a characterization, and, more-



Flora Boulevard

over, has all those unmistakable and salient features which are always associated in one's mind—at least in a St. Louisan's mind—with the make-up of a strip of ground that has been raised to the dignity of a "Place." The residences, while not jerry-built, have not enough architectural distinction to hold the visitor's attention for long.

If I have dwelt at too great length on the aforesaid "Places," it was with no intention of slighting South Grand Avenue. A stroll along this street will at once convince the visitor that he is on a thoroughfare that is well worth seeing. The houses on either side are large, and



Liederkranz Club

some, if not all, compare favorably with the residences which are tucked away in "Places." The street has the spaciousness which admits of extensive views and the cooling breezes so desirable in the summer. In truth, it is not

surprising that the South Siders affect this street as a promenade, all the way from Lafayette Avenue to the entrance of Tower Grove Park—a no inconsiderable distance.

Although there are two clubs on the South Side—the Union and the Liederkranz—which are of equal social importance, the latter is so typical of the life of the German that mention of it, in connection with a description of this part of the city, is not without point. The Liederkranz not only has a large membership, but its entertainments are of a character that bespeak the intelligence of the members in the matter of German literature and music. No better concerts are given at any club than take place there, and if, occasionally, a singer of prominence is engaged to lend assistance, the dependence on outside talent is not so necessary as with other clubs, since the members are quite talented themselves. The "Schlaraffia," a society composed of some of the brightest German minds in the city, holds its meetings in a room whose furnishings take one back to Old Heidelberg.

There are churches on the South Side that have historic interest, and others that are admirable expressions of distinctive styles of architecture. One in particular should be mentioned here: St. Francis de Sales'. This Gothic pile of stone looms up prominently in a neighborhood whose hall-mark is a degree of shabbiness that is never absent from the poorer quarters of an American city. Be that as it may, the journey through a maze of uninteresting streets (unless a Jefferson Avenue car is taken and a stop made at Jefferson Avenue and Lynch Street, with a walk two blocks west) will not be without reward, for this piece of Gothic architecture is the sort that brings home to us the truth that our American cities would be a sorry lot, architecturally speaking, were it not for sporadic manifestations of older and approved forms of architecture.

Of the historic spots which once made the South Side interesting to the visitor, no vestige remains. The older streets, which once held them, are not only smelly and in a melancholy state of dilapidation, but what is worse, the factory projectors have done their work so well that it would take a more acute



St. Francis De Sales' Church

eye than, I take it, the visitor possesses, to ferret out the slightest trace of their once having been worthy of study. Yet there is one place on the South Side that takes one back to those early times when the Gallie atmosphere was more evident in this, the oldest part of the city, than it is

to-day. Soulard Market is to-day the same as it was many years back: the same as regards the haggling over viands and the gesticulating which invariably accompanies the business transactions of the Teuton. The market-hall shows distinctive signs of age, but despite the mutations wrought by time, its clumsy architecture is with us still. Can the same be said of the noble mansion of Thomas H. Benton, for thirty years senator from Missouri?



Soulard Market

CHAPTER III.

THE PARKS AND PUBLIC GARDENS.

A Comment on Parks — Frank P. Blair Statue — Romanelli's "Fountain Angel" — Forest Park — O'Fallon Park — St. Louis Place — Schiller Monument — Outdoor Statues and Busts — Fairground — The Old Fair Grounds — Compton Hill Reservoir Park — The Clarity of the Water — Lafayette Avenue — Lafayette Park — Washington and Benton Statues — Henry Shaw's Gift to the City — Tower Grove Park — Statue of Alexander Von Humboldt — Why the Shakespeare Statue is Inartistic — Missouri Botanical Garden — Its Rare Books — Dr. George Engelmann — School of Botany — St. Louis as a "Summer Town" — Delmar Garden — The Eccentricities of the St. Louis Car System — Suburban Garden — Forest Park Highlands.

THE pleasure a visitor derives from city parks is not a fleeting one. No matter how interested he has been in other sights, what lingers longest in his memory is the recollection of having passed some pleasant hours in a region of rest that was far enough removed from the turmoil of life to make him forget its worries. All parks have not this quietude; some, in fact, on certain days, partake of the noise of the city; but though this may happen every now and then, the noise is somehow different from what obtains in streets when crowds jostle each other and vehicles show their utter disregard for petty man's existence. St. Louis parks do not differ in this respect from others, since they have days when the number of people reminds one too much of the unrest in town, and when full enjoyment of their sylvan beauties is marred by the ever-moving crowds. But no visitor need select these days, for there are many others when a park, on

account of its partial solitude, brings closer to the visitor the full significance of its *raison d'être*.

If I mistake not, it was Charlotte Brontë who said that, next to the Bible, nature was the greatest book in the world. And by this she did not mean the formal

French garden of Lenôtre, with its rectangular effects, but the sort of nature that is most attractive when the artificiality of man's hands has not entirely destroyed the things which make for naturalness. Now, though it must not be thought that the St. Louis parks are in a state of uncultivation, a wise judgment has prevented the complete submergence of the pristine loveliness of those tracts of land which are a city's best donation to the people.



A Wood—Forest Park

And, in this respect, Forest Park is a case in point.

By mentioning Forest Park first I do not wish to convey to the reader that its extensive area is so comprehensive of all a park should contain that all the other St. Louis parks must suffer by comparison. The fact is, it has its good points and its bad, and whether the good outweigh the bad must be left for the visitor to decide. But one thing it has which no other park can boast of, and that is large numbers of trees that are no saplings planted but

yesterday, but gigantic growths (as gigantism is defined in the middle-west) which give enough shade to please any weary "pathfinder" who loses his way in these many acres. And when I say this, I am not unmindful of similar treasures which are in store for the visitor either in O'Fallon Park or in Carondelet Park.

Forest Park begins where Lindell Boulevard, as understood by those who know only the popular part of the street, stops. At the entrance is one of those statues that



Mountain Lion—
Forest Park



Bridge—Forest Park

have all the unattractiveness which results from an absence of natural grace, emphasized by inartistic modern dress. The Roman toga would have been out of place for Frank P. Blair, but was it necessary to give us a full-length portrait, when it is written in large letters in all books on art that if an artist insists on the reproduction of modern clothes, the sitting posture is more effective? To counteract the impression gathered from this statue, it would be well for the visitor, before entering the park, to turn to Romanelli's "Fountain Angel," the gift of Mr.

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Bird Cage—Forest Park



Bird Cage—Forest Park

David N. O'Neil, and note its grace and the artistic value of a dark figure against a white background.

The birth of this park was a travail that was so checkered and so long drawn out, that mention of the details cannot be other than an object lesson

to all those citizens in smaller places than St. Louis, who have the forevisioning of the necessity of parks in their growing communities. Although the idea that the present site would be about the best place for a park started in 1869, the obstacles, which were woven to circumvent its realization, indicate that in those days, just as to-day, there was always the obtrusion of the speculative mind to frustrate a sincere attempt at improvement. St. Louis was not overwhelmed with a multiplicity of parks; in fact, what is now known as the West End was devoid of any. Of course there were Lafayette Park, the Missouri Botanical Garden, and the beginnings of Tower Grove Park, but they were on the South Side, far removed from the spot upon which we are now standing. But at last efforts were not unavailing, and in 1872 the bill, which meant so much for this part of the city, passed the Legislature at Jefferson City. No prosaic speech before the State Legislature won the day, but a letter written by Captain Skinker, who, feeling himself incapable of expressing his en-

General Franz Sigel
—Forest Park

thusiasm in inadequate prose, soared even above the head of a Milton or a Byron, and played such havoc with the usual stolidity of our representatives at the State capital, that they hesitated no longer. And thus was Forest Park born.

The park covers an area of nearly 1371 acres, and what gives it a peculiar interest is that its scenery is so diversified that it is attractive alike to the pedestrian and the man who drives a motor. In no part has it the artificiality that cloy the senses, but everywhere there are indications that the hand that prunes the trees or weeds the beds, is guided by the thought that the park's reputation depends on a certain degree of wildness. It is so wide and open, except for a wood here and there, that one would not be far wrong in saying that it typifies the bigness that can only come from light and air.



Fountain—Hyde Park



Schiller Monument
—St. Louis Place

There are parks in the northern part of the city that are well worth a visit: O'Fallon Park, for instance, with its hills, so difficult to climb on a hot day, or when weariness besets one after a stroll through some of its acres; Hyde Park, smaller and not so wild, with a picturesque fountain highly prized by those who frequent the place; St. Louis Place, which is really a park and not a "Place," in the usual acceptation of the word, for though it is a narrow strip of

ground and covers only four city blocks, two of which are quite diminutive, it has a number of attributes which belong only to parks, and a statue, the Schiller Monument, that ranks among the best in the city; and Fairground, the old Fair Grounds, which though yet in an unkempt condition,



Lake—Fairground

is cherished by many St. Louisans on account of its past associations.

To reach O'Fallon Park after quitting Forest Park, it were best to take the Laclede Avenue car at the Lindell entrance, ride a short distance, and change at the corner of Laclede and Euclid Avenues, fortified, of course, with the usual transfer. Here a northbound Taylor Avenue car will carry the visitor to O'Fallon Park, and though the trip is through a part of the city that will not make him crane his neck too often, unless he is on the alert for "everything that is to be seen," it is long enough to lull his senses into the state of quietude that, I take it, is not an unimportant factor in the matter of sightseeing. Arrived at the park, he will not be disappointed, provided he does not expect luxuriance as to flowers and rare plants, and the gaily dressed crowds with which perhaps his mind had pictured the place. Instead, what will greet his eyes will be good park roads, a lake of ample proportions, and

the hills, already mentioned, from where the views are very good.

Upon leaving the park, a "Bellefontaine" car going east on Florissant Avenue will take the visitor to St. Louis Place (the stop should be made on Hebert Street), which is of considerable interest, as was said before, on account of the statue of Friedrich Schiller, the German poet. This statue, the gift of Charles F. Stifel, was designed by Rauhe, and is an exact reproduction of the Schiller statue at Marbach, Germany, the poet's birthplace.

Outdoor statues and busts are always of interest to the stranger, not only on account of the subjects they represent, but because they convey to him, beyond a doubt, the artistic status of the people and the municipality. In the few statues which have been used for decorative purposes in our streets, there are not always indications that artistry has been consulted; but though this stricture applies very well to St. Louis, its application is not without point in other American cities. But when outdoor statues and busts, as they figure in St. Louis, are mentioned in a critical sense, one should limit oneself to the statuary in the streets, for the parks are graced with such good specimens of this art that no city need be ashamed of them. The Schiller Monument bears witness to this, and he would be an over-exacting critic who would see any flaw in its make-up.

By taking a westbound "Bellefontaine" car and changing at Grand Avenue, and then continuing on a Grand Avenue car in a southerly direction, the visitor soon arrives at the old Fair Grounds, which to-day is a city park with the new baptismal name of Fairground. The word "fair," in this instance, refers to the annual fairs which were held here for many years, and not to a state of things which could be characterized only by the alluring word "fair." As yet, as I said before, the park presents an untidy appear-

ance, but this is partly due to the fact that only recently has it been acquired for park purposes. Nevertheless, strangers who visit it will not be too favorably impressed; and as for those who knew it in its palmy days, when it shone with considerable effulgence as the place to take one's



Basins—Compton Hill Reservoir Park

country cousins to see a real fair, it will be a genuine disappointment, for no longer is the air shrill with demands to buy lemonade or the grass strewn with empty paper bags. Other times, other manners.

If the West End has its Forest Park with which to impress the stranger, the South Side has its Lafayette Park, its Compton Hill Reservoir Park, its Tower Grove Park, and the jewel of all parks and gardens, its Missouri Botanical Garden. By taking a southbound Grand Avenue car again, the sightseer is soon landed on the South Side, directly in front of the Compton Hill Reservoir Park, which is at the corner of Grand and Lafayette Avenues. This park has a number of distinctions which should arrest the stranger's attention. Its basins, containing the water with which the South Siders are supplied, is a lesson in civic improvement, for its clarity is an open chapter to all as to what the proper condition of water should be. When I recall the good old days—not so very old but that seventeen years would cover them—that were celebrated for the muddiness of the water, and how indignant the citizens waxed when any criticism was passed on its deplorable state, I cannot but feel that great strides have been made in recent times. The park surrounding the basins is one of the most attractive in the city, and though its size is

limited and trees are at a premium, the arrangement of the flower beds and the variegated beauty of their contents are the best sort of instruction in the possibilities of decorative horticulture.

By turning into Lafayette Avenue and strolling down this residential street, which is not given up to business, although, according to the fate of other St. Louis streets, its age should long ago have invited the invasion of this enemy, we approach Lafayette Park, one of the oldest parks in the city, and one that prior to the cyclone, which devastated the South Side more extensively than any other part of the city, was the garden spot in this neighborhood. But though many of its old trees and all its shrubbery were lost at that time, it has recovered enough of its original aspect to prejudice the stranger for it.

Bounded by Mississippi Avenue on the east, Missouri Avenue on the west, Park Avenue on the north and Lafayette Avenue on the south, Lafayette Park covers an area of twenty-nine acres which are in a high state of cultivation. Two statues add to its other attractions: one of Thomas H. Benton, designed by Harriet Hosmer; the other of Washington, a reproduction by Hubard of Jean Antoine Houdon's well-known marble statue in the Capitol at Richmond, Virginia. The original was done from life and is considered the best likeness of Washington extant, and the replica in St. Louis, unlike most copies of famous statues, is no mean performance. Although badly placed, and on a pedestal altogether too high for the size of the figure, these detractions are not sufficient to rob it of its



Washington Statue
—Lafayette Park



East or Main Entrance
—Tower Grove Park

monument at the entrance of Forest Park, of which mention has already been made, she had the good sense to discard modern clothes. But then, perhaps, her long sojourn in Italy and her thorough saturation with Italian art had something to do with her artistic point of view.

Retracing our steps along Lafayette Avenue, we are again on Grand Avenue, where by taking a southbound Grand Avenue car we arrive, in about twenty minutes, at the entrance to Tower Grove Park. When the ground to this artistic breathing-place was donated to the city in 1866 by Henry Shaw, St. Louis had very few parks. True, Henry Shaw had, some twenty years before, started a garden around his country home, Tower Grove, now the Missouri Botanical Garden, in close proximity to the tract of land which afterwards was to be called Tower Grove Park; but this was in reality an Englishman's country estate, and not a place for the benefit of the public. Although the donation was a princely one for those days and would not be considered beggarly to-day, despite our very advanced ideas on the money question — there were nearly

intrinsic value. The Benton statue, having the advantage of a better position and a pedestal more in consonance with its size, is in its entirety more pleasing to the eye. Harriet Hosmer's work is enhanced by the fact that, unlike the Blair



South Entrance
—Tower Grove Park

three hundred acres in the tract—there was some hesitancy on the part of the city as to its acceptance, since the provision was that the city was to pay for its upkeep as a park. Things went the way they always do when a



Drive—Tower Grove Park

city's administration is called upon to share an expense that is not absolutely necessary; but despite some delays, work towards its realization went on at quite an encouraging pace, and, before three years had elapsed, the park was opened to the public. Tower Grove Park is a driving park in the truest sense of that much-abused expression, for the roads are as smooth as the most exacting driver could desire, and the vistas as charming as his esthetic sense, if he has this unusual quality, would demand.

The ornamental gates at the Grand Avenue entrance, the statues, and the marble busts of celebrated musicians



Lily Pond—Tower Grove Park



Water Lilies—Tower Grove Park

grouped around the music pavilion—some of these were gifts of Henry Shaw himself—attest to the fact that though he gave the ground outright to the city, his knowledge of what

should constitute a park and the use of his money were never withheld. And well it was that such was the case, for his knowledge was not a few crumbs, but the whole loaf, so to speak, since he had made a study of botany and arboriculture, and, moreover, had inured himself to the best methods for landscape gardening by means of the works of such men as Sir Uvedale Price, Repton, Gilpin, Loudon, Downing, and Alford. But the best adjunct to his instruction came when he visited Europe, where he saw what many years had effected in the upbuilding of parks which were almost perfect.



Amazon Lilies—Tower Grove Park

An account of this park would not be complete without mention of the water lilies and their gigantic sisters, the

Amazon lilies. The latter, especially, should not be overlooked, for nowhere else in the city can such enormous specimens be seen. They rest on a piece of water that is in a picturesque part of the park, and though one may not be a student of botany, so wonderful is the growth of this plant that attention is perforce riveted upon it.



Humboldt Statue
—Tower Grove Park

The statue, which appears to the writer emblematic of what Tower Grove Park really stands for to the student of arboriculture and botany—though, in a popular sense, it is a mere driving place to while away an hour or so—is the one which pictures that commanding figure in the world of science—Alexander Von Humboldt. This piece of bronze statuary is the work of Baron Von Mueller, of Munich, and though it were foolish to say that nationalism plays an active part in an artist's work, the thought that strikes one upon looking carefully at this statue is that perhaps no one but a German could have brought out so well the physical traits of the great naturalist.

The pedestal of polished granite is eight feet high, and in each of its four sides a bronze bas-relief is set. The relief on the west side, fronting the main drive, bears the simple inscription, "Alexander Von Humboldt." A landscape view of Mount Chimborazo is pictured on the south



Main Entrance
—Missouri Botanical Garden

side, while on the north side there is a view characteristic of the Valley of the Amazon. But it is the east bas-relief which holds our attention longer than any of

the others, for there we read, underneath a life-like portrait of Henry Shaw, the homage that he felt for this great man. The unaffected words run thus: "In honor of the most accomplished traveller of this or any other age. Erected by Henry Shaw, 1878."

Besides this statue there are two others which are not uninteresting from an artistic point of view. The Shakespeare and Columbus monuments have been highly praised, but to the writer of these lines they are on a lower level of artistic excellence than the Humboldt creation. Especially is this true of Shakespeare, since the master-dramatist of the world is depicted with the amount of theatrical tawdriness which somehow all painters and sculptors seem to think must be an integral part of the portraits of actors and dramatists. But, in this respect, we are no worse off than other cities which have statues of Shakespeare; even Paris has to submit to a Shakespeare distortion that is decidedly inferior to the figure in Tower Grove Park.

After passing through the north gate of the park, we find ourselves on Magnolia Avenue, and directly this street is crossed, we are alongside a high rough stone wall, which is the enclosure of the only park or garden in St. Louis that bears an international reputation. The Missouri Botanical Garden is the creation of one man, and not the composite result of many minds working at a tangent. It represents in its entirety the singleness of purpose of its founder, Henry Shaw. And so indelible was the stamp of this man's individuality on his work, that even though twenty-one years have passed since his death, the characteristics of the garden have not been affected. This speaks volumes for the Board of Trustees, to whom he bequeathed more than three millions of dollars for the upkeep of the place. But it also speaks much for the directing hand which is carrying out just such ideas that, we imagine,

would be Henry Shaw's were he alive today. Mr. William Trelease is no novice in the work he is doing; rather is he well-seasoned, having had four years' association with Henry Shaw himself—he was called from the University of Wisconsin to take charge of the Henry Shaw School of Botany—and some twenty-one years as director of the Garden.

Covering 65 acres, and with an adjoining 60 acres awaiting development, the Missouri Botanical Garden presents good examples of formal and natural gardening, in which over eleven thousand different kinds of plants are cultivated. In its administration each specimen is distinctly labeled, so as to show its common name, Latin name, and native home. A key number on each label facilitates tracing the individual history of every plant. The garden plan adopted is that of the formal English type, though with the unusual feature of large numbers of different kinds of interesting or attractive plants grown in beds separated by hedges, supplemented by an informal arboretum or grove. In the North American synopsis,



Gate-Cottage—Missouri Botanical Garden

added since Henry Shaw's death, the open park-like style of planting has been introduced, on a general plan, as prepared by the late Frederick Law Olmsted, and in which, as in most of the designs of this famous artist, water figures prominently. Special groups of botanical

interest are cacti, magueys, palms and ferns, which are grown under glass; an open-air collection of about three hundred and fifty species, arranged botanically for the use of teachers and classes in the public schools; a collection of about the same number of medicinal plants, grouped ac-



Hedges—Missouri Botanical Garden

cording to their reputed physiological action; and a synopsis of the North American Flora, to which twenty acres of ground are devoted, containing about one thousand five hundred kinds of native plants, botanically arranged.

The botanical facilities of the garden, in addition to the living plants, include a herbarium of nearly three-quarters of a million of dried plants, representing the flora of the world, and a library very rich in treatises on botanical gardening, and related subjects. In the contents of the library is a collection of hundreds of herbals and other botanical works, published before the time of Linnæus (1753), comprising rare books, some of them exquisitely illustrated, and many of them from the best printing establishments of their day: such as that of Elzevir, and ancient tooled bindings. The library is also rich in the proceedings of learned societies, and in botanical journals, represented by full sets, and includes an unusually large number of extensively illustrated botanical works, now out of print, the contents of which are indexed by many hundreds of thousands of cards. Perhaps its most prized treasure is to be found in the unpublished notes and sketches of one of the greatest of American botanists, who at the same time was a most distinguished

physician, Dr. George Engelmann. These notes and sketches fill sixty volumes, and include over twenty thousand individual studies. Among the special collections shelved in the library, is a large representation of the literature of medicinal and poisonous plants. Though catalogued alphabetically in reference to the authors' names, the library is arranged on the shelves according to subjects. The art of illustrating plants is presented remarkably well in its different phases by the lithographs of the orchid journal, "*Reichenbachia*," the hand-colored steel plates of the "*Flora Graeca*" and the "*Botanical Magazine*," as well as by the nature prints by Von Ettingshausen and Pokorney of the plants of Austria. Other rarities among its illustrated works are a very unusual set of Redouté's "*Liliaceæ*," in which each colored plate is accompanied by an uncolored tissue-proof; a set of exquisite heath illustrations contained in the "*Botanical Cabinet*," and a folio on Central American orchids, by Bateman.



Cactus House
—Missouri Botanical Garden



Orchid House
—Missouri Botanical Garden

Henry Shaw's purpose in establishing the garden was to provide an object-lesson in beauty, so as to encourage the love and cultivation of flowers, promote technical instruction, and provide for research. Through the School of Botany, endowed in Washing-



Museum Building
—Missouri Botanical Garden

ton University before his death, and recently augmented by his Trustees, and by means of a comprehensive course in gardening, the founder's purpose is served.

The distinctly educational features have resulted in training a large number of excellent gardeners, park superintendents, landscape architects and teachers; and through the School of Botany, instruction on this subject, for which time could be found by undergraduates, has been given, and a number of active workers in this field have secured graduate training and earned the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Quite recently, through addition to the buildings in the Garden, the laboratory facilities of the School of Botany have been largely increased, so that provision has now been made for carrying on all of its graduate work at the Garden, the undergraduate work only being done at Washington University. Important additions have been made to the teaching and investigating staff of the school.

The most interesting buildings are: the plant houses, for the most part of old and simple design, though a large range of modern conservatories is planned for early construction; the country home of Henry Shaw,



Henry Shaw's Town House
—Missouri Botanical Garden

built in 1849, which, adjoining a grove of native sassafras, caused him to apply the name of "Tower Grove" to his villa; a museum erected in 1859, which is now used for housing an overflow from the library; and his town house, built in 1853, and as already described, removed and reconstructed in the garden something over nineteen years ago. From this city home, in which the offices of the garden are now located, has been derived the architectural key for the future quadrangle of library, herbarium, laboratory and museum buildings, the first portion of which is now erected, joining at the south the old town house, in which the original mantels, etc., constitute interesting souvenirs of its former use.

In the garden is a mausoleum, in which the sarcophagus of Henry Shaw is surmounted by a marble figure executed by Von Mueller, which is probably the most perfect portrait of him in existence.

If the visitor's mind, after examining this rare collection of plants, is in a state of unreceptiveness, there are other gardens, which, while not built on scientific lines, are just the sort he might be in need of to restore his mental equilibrium. I am now speaking of those summer gardens whose attractions consist of fairly good vaudeville or comic opera, with now and then a mid-summer attempt at the production of serious plays, and a bewildering number of all sorts and conditions of scenic railway to deprive the unwary of his breath, if not of all his senses, at least temporarily. St. Louis always having enjoyed the doubtful distinction of being a "summer town," these places of amusement are well patronized and even on uncomfortably cool nights—and there are a few even in St. Louis—the citizens think it their duty to take a street car ride, with one of the summer gardens as their ultimate goal. There is nothing deprecatory about this; in fact, it should come in for praise, since it adds to the gaiety of the city and makes some sultry nights less unbearable.



The Villa—Delmar Garden

reached by taking an Olive Street car marked "Delmar," which bears this talisman because, although it starts on Olive Street, it leaves that street at Taylor Avenue and makes its final run on Delmar Avenue. And here it would be well to call the stranger's attention to some of the eccentricities of the St. Louis street car system. For instance, the car marked "Page," which runs out Washington Avenue, does not reach Page Avenue until a circuitous trip through a number of streets is made; the sign "Maryland" on an Olive Street car refers to Maryland Avenue and not to a suburb, and really means that at a certain stage of the trip the car swerves into Maryland Avenue for a distance of some seven city blocks. I am citing only these two instances so as to warn the stranger not to depend altogether on his superior judgment, unsupported by much information from the seasoned traveler on street cars, when he wishes to ride in a certain direction. To be convinced of the faultiness of his judgment, all that is necessary is one experience, covering the space of only a few minutes, at the corner of Broadway and Washington Avenue, which will enlighten him better than any printed instructions possibly can.

There are three gardens which may be visited with profit, if, as we said before, the visitor is in need of relaxation. These are Delmar Garden, Suburban Garden and Forest Park Highlands. The first is



Suburban Garden

The Suburban Garden lies in the northwestern part of the city and any car marked "Suburban Park" going west will take the visitor there. This garden, while it has not many novel contrivances to entertain the visitor in the way of swiftly-moving inventions which make one's eyes bulge and one's breath short, is quite popular with a large number of people, for it caters to the class who enjoy serious drama even in summer.



Tokio Gateway—
Forest Park Highlands

Forest Park Highlands is situated south of Forest Park, and is reached by taking a southbound "Taylor" car on Euclid Avenue. Recently, this summer garden has been thoroughly overhauled, and the rumors which have already reached the interested, point to the fact that the new scenic railway called the "Mountain Ride" is so far in advance of what has previously been done in this special line of entertainment that the truly marvelous has at last been reached. Instead of comic opera, as obtains at Delmar Garden, or a woeful drama, which is the customary program at the Suburban, this garden is given up entirely to vaudeville; a form of amusement, I take it, that may not be objectionable even to him whose mind has been steeped unremittingly in the science of medicine.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ART MUSEUM AND THE ART SCHOOLS.

The Social Mission of Art — Wayman Crow — The Old Museum of Fine Arts — The Art Museum in Forest Park — The Equestrian Statue of St. Louis — Central Sculpture Hall — Donoghue's "Young Sophocles" — Donoghue — How to Visit an Art Gallery With the Best Results — Lefébvre's "La Cigale" — Schultzberg's "Lilacs" — Zorn's "Head of a Woman" — Sorolla-Y-Bastida's "Another Marguerite" — Julian Story's "An Incident of the French Revolution" — "Nouvelle Biographie Générale" versus Lamartine — Loir's "The End of Autumn" — Fritz Uhde's "A Sewing Bee in Holland" — Jules Dupré's "In Pasture" — Doré's "Loch Lomond" — Puvis de Chavannes's "Charity" — Transient Exhibitions and Their Value — The Street Cars and the Art Museum — The School of Fine Arts — Chinese Panels and American Vandals — University City — The Academy of Fine Arts and its Correspondence Students — The Ceramic Museum — Artists' Guild — The Rathskeller and the American Pronunciation of the Word — The Burns Collection — Burns's Mother.

OF ART, as it exists to-day in our leading cities, much has been written. But one important phase of the matter has been overlooked, and that is its social mission, by which is meant its bearing on modern education. The beginnings of this social mission are always interesting to study, for they are generally the outcome of one man's thinking, and not the combined thought of the greater part of a community. The latter are quite content to go along as usual, though occasionally there may be faint indications of dissatisfaction with a strictly utilitarian existence. This unrest, which is nothing but an aspiration towards a social factor, without which life is in-

complete, is not understood until the "one man," mentioned before, grasps the importance of the situation and advances enough money to build an Art Museum. Then, only, are opportunities granted the untrained eyes of the people to receive the beneficent lesson which was lacking in their humdrum existence. And, as regards St. Louis, this was brought about by the gift of the late Wayman Crow of the original part of the old Museum and Memorial Hall at the northeast corner of Nineteenth and Locust Streets.

All this took place as far back as the early eighties, and though the building was not even for that time a large one, it answered the purpose very well. But more than this, it was an artistic structure of rough stone and carried the message to all passers-by, who casually looked at it, that here was something that had been set apart in the interests of an art that had hitherto been homeless. When the building was erected, Locust Street still bore enough vestiges of its former pre-eminence as a residential street—it was known then as

Lucas Place—to make a fitting setting for the new building; but to-day the street and its immediate vicinity are undergoing those deplorable changes, which always take place prior to the complete invasion of business. The busts of



Museum of Fine Arts

Phidias, Michelangelo and Raphael, now that the building is deserted save for occasional lectures in Memorial Hall, attest to one thing only—namely, that grime and smoke are no respecters of the counterfeits of celebrated artists.

The incentive which issued from Wayman Crow's gift was a healthy one, for after his death in 1886, it inspired others to interest themselves in art, with results that are not unappreciated to-day. Up to the time of the Museum's removal to its present quarters in Forest Park, its growth,



Art Museum—Forest Park

both as regards increase in the number of pictures and the necessary prestige to rivet attention upon it from possible benefactors, was commendable. The apogee of its worth and value to the community, however, was not reached until after the close of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, when the Art Palace—the part that had been built of durable material—was turned over to the Museum of Fine Arts for their future home. This was not in the nature of a gift from the Directors of the Exposition, but as compensation to Washington University—the Museum of Fine Arts had from its inception been under the ægis of this institution—for the loan of several of the University buildings during the Exposition. Thus we see by what devious ways a child, that has to be as carefully nurtured as does art in our American cities, arrived in St. Louis at a lusty growth that cannot be other than the sort that is adamant enough—at least for an encouraging number of decades—to ward off those attacks of time, which are only too evident in our public buildings when fashion

decrees that a certain street should be deserted, because of its proximity to the business section, and the ever-listening smoke wings its way at once to the scene of partial desolation, just to show its democratic approval of the mandate. (Some criticism has been visited on the location of the new Art Museum Building, on account of its distance from the supposedly accommodating electric cars, but this is another street car story, as Rudyard Kipling might have said.)

The building is classic in style, and the material used has the attractiveness that is always called forth by a combination of gray limestone and Roman brick. The frontage covers three hundred and fifty feet, and the depth of one hundred and fifty-six feet is ample enough to



Main Entrance, Art Museum—Forest Park

give the building the necessary aspect of solidity. There are six symbolic figures over the north entrance, illustrative of six epoch-making periods in the history of art, and twenty medallions, by Brewster and Piccirilli, in the frieze. The symbolic figures by Yaegers, Elwell, Gelert, Linder,

Tefft, and Hanann are creditable productions, and are illuminating lessons, in so far as they teach that statues used for decorative purposes on buildings need not always be monstrosities. To add to the satisfying exterior of this building, good judgment was exercised when the model was selected for the equestrian statue of the French king after whom the city St. Louis was named, and which stands near enough to the Art Museum, either to detract from its worth as the embodiment of excellent architectural ideas, or enhance the beauty of its lines and its decidedly classical mood. While the horse is a bit wooden, the figure astride it is well conceived; hence, Charles Henry Niehaus, the modeler, may congratulate himself on the results of his labors. Most equestrian statues, especially when the horse is in motion, are such nondescript affairs that considerable praise should be meted out to this one, even though it has not enough of the sweep and freedom of movement to allow us, in our most generous moments, to compare it, even distantly, with those masterpieces in sculptural equestrianism—Coustou's "Horses of Marly" in Paris, and Falconet's "Peter the Great" in St. Petersburg.

Within, the building makes an impression on one that can come only from vast dimensions. The central nave, known as the Central Sculpture Hall, is one hundred and fifty feet in length and its width and height are commensurate with its great length. Although the proportions are so unusual that the eye wanders at first aimlessly through the vast area, it soon fastens on the walls and notes their simplicity and their unbroken color scheme, due to a profusion of Roman brick.

The Central Sculpture Hall has much to attract the visitor. Whatever his predilections may be in the matter of American sculpture, there is enough here to hold his attention for hours. While the originals are not in such profusion that comment is necessary, the artists' models

are excellently done, and for educative purposes they answer just as well as would the others. And a goodly company is here: Saint-Gaudens, French, McNeil, Bartlett, Adams, Ward and others: men who have not been remiss in placing American sculpture on quite an exalted plane. When we recall what a lowly handmaid, as compared with painting, this phase of American art was only a few years ago, we cannot but be moved to a feeling that has the buoyancy which is born of high hopes.

Now, though it is an indisputable fact that every frequenter of an art gallery has his favorite picture or statue, let me imagine, without any reflection on the visitor's knowledge of art in its best estate, that, in all his art roamings, he has not seen Donoghue's "Young Sophocles," which is highly probable, since this gifted sculptor modeled this subject only twice. Would his trained or untrained eye note at once the perfection of the anatomical lines, the unusual grace of the poise, the intellectual factor in Greek art which has always raised it immeasurably above all other art, and the sweep of the right hand as it touches the lyre? I think it would, for the reason that repeated visits are not necessary to appreciate what is out of the ordinary in any work of art, since it is only the commonplace that exacts prolonged thinking and deep cogitation so that some measure of justness may be granted the painstaking artist. Donoghue, had he lived, would not have been without honor even in this country with its faddy connoisseurs so keen on things European, but he went the way of so many geniuses—mental eclipse and early death.

Before leaving the Sculpture Hall, I would call the visitor's attention to McNeil's "Sun Vow," French's "Death and the Sculptor," Saint-Gaudens' "Puritan," Adams' "Channing," Bartlett's "General Warren," Weinmann's seated "Lincoln," his World's Fair group, "The

Passing of the Red Man," and his "Sailors' and Soldiers' Monument," which occupies the center of the Hall; Carl Bitter's Exposition piece, "Signing the Treaty," Stirling Calder's "Celtic Cross," Albert Lopez's "Sin," and John Boyle's "Stone Age." With the mention of these contemporary American artists, the list is by no means exhausted: my intention having been merely to indicate to the visitor that the Sculpture Hall is graced with enough statuary to lure him into lengthy contemplation of what is really good and instructive art.

Jerome K. Jerome, in one of his best books, the title of which has escaped me, says that if you want to retain the friendship of a very dear friend, do not travel with him, for there is bound to come a time when a disagreement will occur. And with this thought in mind, I would say to the visitor of the galleries containing the paintings (pieces of statuary somehow seldom cause discussions): Let your untrained eye wander over their contents unassisted by the superior person, who is as ready to reprimand as to instruct. By doing this you will achieve much more, for when you consider the matter of art closely, the picture that appeals to you most is the one whereby you derive the best instruction (taking for granted you are not a supercilious dabbler in art topics). And, furthermore, your mental placidity will be such that receptiveness will aid you in finding out most, if not all, of the salient points of a picture.

Now though I am in full agreement with what I have just written, my position as writer of this book justifies, to some extent, my obtruding myself on your notice, if only to call your attention to some of the paintings which have moved me to enthusiasm. In Gallery II, for instance, is Lefévre's well-known "La Cigale," which shows what masters the French are in the matter of the nude in art; Schultzberg's "Lilacs," a mass of lilacs with no figure to

disturb the general effect: only simplicity and color, and, best of all, truth to nature; and Zorn's "Head of a Woman," illustrating the peculiarities of this Swedish artist's workmanship: his dabs of red against a ghastly white background: rather startling and not at all to one's taste at close range, but how immensely effective from a distance!

But it is in Gallery XXXII that the visitor ought to pause longest, not so much on account of its size, but on account of one picture, which is a masterpiece, if by this expression one means the flawless pictorial representation of a subject that can be understood by all, since the tragedy depicted is almost of daily occurrence, and its simplicity is the sort that sends a shaft home even to the most obdurate. Reference is made to Sorolla-Y-Bastida's "Another Marguerite," which was acquired by the Art Museum as far back as 1893, through the kindly offices of Mr. Charles Nagel; quite a number of years, to tell the truth, before New York "went wild" over this Spanish master's art. In fact, the St. Louis Art Museum was the first museum in this country to own a Sorolla. But with the mention of this canvas in Gallery XXXII, I have merely touched upon its excellent contents; and though the other pictures may, in my opinion, be overshadowed by the one I have mentioned, they nevertheless have enough merit to please all tastes. Students interested in the dramatic events which crowded the days of the French Revolution, will not neglect Julian Story's stirring "An Incident of the French Revolution," in which is told that interesting episode in the life of Mlle. de Sombreuil which makes a living page in Lamartine's "History of the Girondists." (The incident depicted by Story, though discounted by many authorities, is charged with dramatic possibilities. But the version of the episode in the French encyclopedia, "Nouvelle Biographie Générale," is less highly colored than Lamartine's, and really makes the story out to be the

sort of fabrication that seems to follow all heroines of history with relentless heels. But, be that as it may, let us hope that when this exceedingly distressed young woman quaffed the glass filled with blood and wine, as some contend, the wine was on top and that her heroism was duly appreciated before her lips touched the blood!)

For those who are interested in marines, there are in this room, two very good specimens: "Twilight," by Alexander Harrison, and "A Narrow Escape," by Hugo Schnars-Alquist. To counteract the sombre impression of the latter, it would be well for the visitor to look at the painting entitled "The End of Autumn," by Loir, which, though judging from its name, should be of darkish tones with suggestions of the dreariest season of the year, has all the charm that comes from light and that indescribable "something" which only French painters of street scenes know how to put into the open air.

In Gallery XVI there are three pictures which indicate, at first sight, that they are above the ordinary. Fritz Uhde's "A Sewing Bee in Holland" attracts attention on account of its truth to domesticity, its transparent light effects, its characteristic note of Dutch quietness and cleanliness not unlike what the "Little Dutch Masters" achieved when they painted Interiors. "In Pasture," by Jules Dupré, is a high achievement of an altogether different order and arouses our interest, not only because its coloring is rich in full tones, but because of the contention between the muscular young woman and the black and white cow. Doré's "Loch Lomond," while not the equal of his work as an illustrator—who can forget his illustrations of "The Raven" and "The Ancient Mariner"!—is a good specimen of landscape painting, with enough of the Dore element in it to stamp it with the weirdness of this genius's strange individuality.

Because it is so seldom that one sees a painting by Puvis de Chavannes in any of our American museums, I would call the visitor's attention to his "Charity," which has all the earmarks of the painter whom Reinach, in his book "Apollo," calls "the greatest decorative painter of the nineteenth century." Those visitors who have seen his "Sacred Grove" in the Sorbonne at Paris, will not fail to recognize in the painting in the Art Museum, the symbolism and idealism which have made all his pictures so outstanding among the art productions of the last century.

Besides the permanent collection, of which I have given only the bare outlines, the Museum makes a point of having each year, a number of transient exhibitions, and these are really more educative than any permanent collection can be, since they teach the public the various phases of art as it exists to-day. In addition to American paintings, there have been exemplifications of contemporary art, as illustrated by the methods of the Glasgow School of Painters, the French Impressionists and the German Secessionists. In this way comparisons can be made between contemporary American art and the best fruits of European art, with results that are beneficial, since only by watching and studying the progress made in Europe, can American art ever hope to achieve that distinction which it must conserve to set it apart from all other schools of art—an Americanism that is foot-loose from academical obsessions.

The Art Museum, as has already been hinted, is not in the beaten path of any electric car so that it can be reached without a walk of some six city blocks. This is certainly a disadvantage that must militate against the attendance, since sightseers are not prone to accept inconveniences with a good grace. But he who is bent upon seeing in a city what is worth seeing, despite any obstacles which the shortsightedness of a city's administration may stubbornly re-

fuse to remove, will be best served in the matter of transportation by taking a Market Street car to Tamm Avenue on the south side of the park; a "McPherson" car to DeBaliviere Avenue on the north side, or a "Clayton" car to Forsyth Avenue on the west side. The "Clayton" is

a suburban line, to which the "Delmar" line transfers from any point along its route.

After leaving the Art Museum, it were best to walk through Forest Park in a north westerly direction to Skinker



School of Fine Arts

Road (provided University City is the visitor's next stopping place), take a "Clayton" car running north and then transfer to a westbound "Delmar" car. But before this is done, I would advise the visitor, directly he reaches Skinker Road, to turn into the red brick building which faces the street. This is the School of Fine Arts, and its further distinction is that during the Louisiana Purchase Exposition it was the British Pavilion. The architectural lines are Wren's, and the garden at the time of the Exposition was a splendid expression of English horticultural ideas; but this it is no longer, having passed through all the stages of neglect until at present it bears no resemblance whatever to its former beautiful state. One of the rooms, which was the banquet hall during the Exposition days, is now occupied by the antique drawing class. In the inner court of the pavilion, four rooms have been added, and in one of these is the library, the decorations of which were brought in their entirety from the old Museum at the corner of Nineteenth and Locust Streets. These

decorations rank among the best examples of French Gothic in this country. The office is, beyond a doubt, the room that is the most artistic in the entire building. Here may be seen on the walls the exquisitely carved panels which graced the walls of the Chinese pavilion during the Exposition, and which were presented to Mr. David R. Francis by the Chinese Government when the Exposition closed. Their value is inestimable from an artistic point of view, since they are the means of opening up before us a phase of Chinese art that is not any too well known in this country. The woods are rose, teak and camphor, and the legendary history of China is unfolded before us by means of carvings which make us wonder at the patience of the Chinese and the cunning of their long tapering fingers. The vandals, who thought more of their pocket-knives than of art during the Exposition, have left their ineffaceable marks here and there, but even so no visitor should fail to examine these wonderful panels.

University City is situated just outside St. Louis, and its prosperity, as a focal point for a number of institu-



University City

tions, attests to the executive ability of its creator, Mr. E. G. Lewis. The buildings which at present embellish this very attractive spot are the Woman's National Daily Building, the Executive Building, and the Academy of Fine Arts, besides a number of residences which are worthy of

the setting they receive in the park-like laying-out of the grounds.

The Academy of Fine Arts has recently been completed and its architecture is a good illustration of the Italian Renaissance. The interesting rooms to visit are



Academy of Fine Arts
—University City

the Art Gallery and the Ceramic Museum, the ceramics of which were bought by Mr. Lewis from M. Taxile Doat, who is one of the instructors; but what will interest the visitor more than anything else, in the basement is

a real potter and his clay, whose dexterity in fashioning vases is an illuminating lesson that cannot soon be forgotten. The school has correspondence students and "advanced personal attendance students," and though in certain quarters there may be adverse criticism of teaching by correspondence, the photographs, models, and facsimile drawings are adequate to convey to the student an excellent idea of the possibilities of art. Of course, the idea of teaching art by correspondence is not in consonance with purely academical canons, but then in our strivings to rid ourselves of these incubi, are we not justified in going to any lengths?

The St. Louis Artists' Guild occupies a unique building on Union Boulevard, not far from Kensington Avenue. To reach this building most conveniently, from the business section, the visitor is advised to take a westbound Olive Street car, marked "Delmar," to Union Boulevard, whence a walk of a block and a half will bring him in front of the Guild. While the size of the structure is far from imposing, it has the attractiveness that comes from artistry

expressed in coloring and exceptionally good lines. In short, the exterior prepossesses one for the building even before the interior is seen, and even its purpose is guessed at, though the guess may be wide of the mark. One of the most interesting rooms is the "Rathskeller" in the basement, the appointed place of many highly interesting Bohemian suppers that are attended by the active and associate members of the organization. (Why has no ingenious person ever devised another name for this sort of room, so as to rid us of the pronunciation we daily hear, and which our Americanism insists upon pronouncing as if it were a cellar specially dedicated to Rats!)

The active members are painters, sculptors, musicians, architects, and writers, while the associate members are patrons of art, Americanized Mæcenases who are quite in



Artists' Guild

sympathy with our fledging Horaces and Vergils and our sculptors with Phidian aspirations.

The room of rooms in the Guild is the one that has the highly-prized Burns collection, which Mr. W. K. Bixby donated to the club. The pieces were brought from Burns's

home; hence their authenticity cannot be questioned. In this vastly interesting room are a grandfather's clock, a milking-stool, a spinning-wheel, a cupboard, an old dresser, some chairs and tables, two candle-holders, and, best of all, manuscripts and pictures. The Burns cult, as evidenced here, is worthy of the highest praise, since it shows a desire on the part of a most generous benefactor to burn enough posthumous incense before an honored shrine, so that some amends may be effected to ameliorate the inexcusable neglect of the poet during his life. Would Burns's mother, we wonder, could she see this American adoration of her gifted son after all these years, burst forth again with her well-known plaint, which was aroused by seeing his handsome headstone: "Bobby, you asked for bread and they gave you a stone" (or room, as it would be in this case)?

CHAPTER V.

MEDICAL SCHOOLS, HOSPITALS AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

Dr. André Condé's Income From His Practice—Dr. Jean Valleau—Dr. Antoine Saugrain's Philanthropy—Dr. William Carr Lane's Inaugural Address—The Bathing Establishment of Mr. J. Sparks & Co.—Medical Department of St. Louis University in 1841—Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell and the Trustees of Kemper College—Dr. McDowell's Characteristics—Dr. William Beaumont—Washington University Medical School—Medical Department of St. Louis University—Barnes Medical College—St. Luke's Hospital—Jewish Hospital—St. Ann's Maternity Hospital and Foundling Asylum—Missouri Baptist Sanitarium—Evangelical Deaconess Hospital—Mullanphy Hospital—Barnard Free Skin and Cancer Hospital—Maternity Hospital—St. John's Hospital—Frisco Hospital—St. Vincent's Institution for the Insane—St. Louis Children's Hospital—Lutheran Hospital—Alexian Brothers' Hospital—Mount St. Rose's Hospital—St. Anthony's Hospital—City Hospital—Its Peregrinations—Municipal Laboratory of Pathology and Bacteriology—St. Louis Training School for Nurses, and the Sairey Gamps of a Former Day—Dr. Cornelius Boardman—Missouri Pacific Hospital—Josephine Hospital—Bethesda Foundling Home and Incurable Hospital—City Sanitarium—House of the Good Shepherd—Home of the Friendless—Altenheim—Memorial Home—Missouri School for the Blind—Blind Girls' Home—James E. Yeatman—Methodist Orphans' Home—Jewish Educational Alliance—St. Louis Medical Society and What it Stands For.

IF THE truthfulness of an anecdote about the first physician who practiced in St. Louis cannot be impugned, a congratulatory mood should be ours, for though conditions at present are not so perfect that some adverse criticism would be superfluous, they are very much improved, indeed. According to the anecdote, when Dr.

André Auguste Condé died two hundred and thirty-two people owed him for services rendered, and while admitting that even nowadays there may be isolated cases of like appreciation, it must not be forgotten that the number of Dr. Condé's debtors represented nearly all the people in St. Louis and Cahokia for the ten years that he had engaged in the practice of medicine. Every physician has been heard to complain about the ingratitude of patients—in fact, has enough material on hand to write a number of pessimistic essays, but would any of them have the illuminating lessons on the rewards of medicine which would be contained in Dr. Condé's essay, were his shade willing to record in writing his own experiences? I doubt it.

But Dr. Condé's experiences of some one hundred and forty-six years ago, while unique and perhaps eloquent of the times, belong to the dusty records of a period in the history of St. Louis that is already half-forgotten, and of interest only to the antiquarian. With this thought in mind, the present historian will not linger long around those early days when Dr. Jean Baptiste Vallean and Dr. Antoine Francois Saugrain flourished, nor make mention in detail of their rather prosaic experiences; though it would not be amiss to record that when the former died his estate consisted of such valuable possessions as a box of playing cards containing a gross of packs, and that the latter, on account of the first case of smallpox in St. Louis, started a campaign in favor of vaccination. In fact, Dr. Saugrain's philanthropy went to great lengths, for not only did he inform other "physicians and interested persons" that he would furnish them, on application, with "vaccine infection," but had inserted in the *Gazette* that "persons in indigent circumstance, paupers and Indians, will be vaccinated and attended gratis."

In 1823, though St. Louis had emerged, to some extent, from those narrow provincial ideas which are supposed by

us to belong exclusively to a former age, the sanitary condition of the city was far removed from what it should have been, if the heated words, which were the salient feature of the inaugural address of St. Louis's first Mayor, Dr. William Carr Lane, were in the service of truth. His peroration runs thus:

"Health is a primary object, and there is much more danger of disease originating at home than of its seeds coming from the body of citizens, with ample powers to search out and remove nuisances, and to do whatever else may conduce to general health. This place has, of late, acquired a character for unhealthfulness which it did not formerly bear and does not deserve. I am credibly informed that it is not many years since a fever of high grade was rarely, if ever, seen. To what is the distressing change attributable? May we not say principally to the insufficiency of our police regulations? What is the present condition of yards, drains, etc.? May we not dread the festering heat of next summer?"

But his ringing words, we take it, must have sent many a shaft home, for an historian of recent times, without the usual quota of humor which a kindly criticism has bestowed on all mankind, adds that sanitary matters were really much improved in 1829, for the *Gazette* announced that the "new bathing establishment of Mr. J. Sparks & Co. has about thirty-five visitors, and of that number not one has experienced an hour's sickness since the bathing commenced. We should, for the benefit of the city, be glad there were more encouragement; and as the season is partly over, tickets have been reduced to one dollar the season."

Historical records invariably have the exasperating feature of stopping just when our interest is aroused, and in this instance, on account of the absence of more extensive data, we are still at sea as to whether or not the unusual inducement in the matter of price was a sufficient lure to inveigle many others into buying season tickets.

Sanitation and the vicissitudes of physicians, either in new or old settlements, are even nowadays as much discussed as formerly; hence, a lukewarmness on the part of the writer should not be construed by the reader as an indication that he is completely indifferent to these peren-



Medical Department of St. Louis University—1841

nially interesting subjects. But what seems of much greater importance, and should be recorded without hesitancy, is the historical moment in the medical history of St. Louis when the first medical school was organized.

In 1836 a movement was set on foot, by the Trustees of St. Louis University, which had for its object the formation of a medical school; but though the faculty was almost at once selected, and was composed of a number of well-known physicians, and a prospectus was issued each year, no active work was done, in the way of teaching, until 1841. In the meantime another medical school was started by Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell and the Trustees of Kemper College, and being fortunate enough to have so energetic a man as Dr. McDowell at its head, its activities began at once. Thus St. Louis had two medical schools and the sort of rivalry that always obtains when factional institutions are not above petty jealousies.

Dr. McDowell, especially, had all the interests of his college at heart, and the fact that his school had inaugurated a lecture course a twelve-month before the Medical Department of St. Louis University, was sufficient to throw him into ecstasies of delight every time he thought of it. Dr. McDowell was quite unusual in many ways; he was not a genius by any means, but he knew the full value of audacity and brusqueness. His eccentricities were many; his hatreds too numerous to count; but he was out of the ordinary, and the people of his day, unaccustomed to anything that was not ordinary, made much of him. A different man of those early days was Dr. William Beaumont, and though the reminiscences about him, which have come down to us, are commonplace enough, he really did work which later generations could appreciate. Anybody who would like to note the difference between these two men, need delve no deeper into the matter than compare McDowell's oration, delivered at the laying of the cornerstone of the edifice of the Medical Department of Kemper College, with the gentle Beaumont's scientific work, "Physiology of Digestion and Experiments on the Gastric Juice." McDowell's effort is the sort that is turgid with rodomontade and bombast; peroration follows peroration so fast that the reader longs for many moments of plain, unadorned English. But he held his hearers spellbound, and no doubt they voted him an extraordinary man; but what did these same people think of Beaumont, of the scientist whom Professor William Osler, in his essay, "A Backwood Physiologist," characterizes as the man who "anticipated some of the most recent studies in the physiology of digestion?" No doubt their opinion did small credit to their judgment.

Coming down to modern times St. Louis has three medical schools which are worthy of mention. Two of these are under the ægis of universities; the third has not, as yet, arrived at this distinction.

The Washington University Medical School was established under an ordinance enacted in 1891, the St. Louis Medical College, founded in 1841, becoming the Washington University Medical School. In 1899 the Missouri Medical College, founded in 1840, was merged with the



Washington University
Medical School

Washington University Medical School. The Medical School occupies two buildings, one a hospital, the other a laboratory building, in which the teaching work of the school is conducted. A large free dispensary is in each building. It has exclusive use of the clinical

privileges of three large hospitals within easy reach of the school buildings. As regards clinical instruction in city institutions, it enjoys equal privileges with other schools. The laboratory building is on Locust Street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth Streets. In it are most of the laboratories and the O'Fallon Dispensary. Rooms for lectures and recitations are provided to facilitate didactic instruction and instruction in connection with laboratory work. The departments of medicine, pathology, bacteriology, chemistry, anatomy, physiology and pharmacology have rooms equipped for research.

The laboratory building contains, in addition to the offices of the Dean and the Registrar, six lecture-rooms; two large laboratories for elementary, organic and physiological chemistry; practical anatomy rooms for dissection and for preparation of material; a museum of normal anatomical specimens; laboratories for histology, embryology

and organology; a working museum of pathological anatomy; a pathological and bacteriological laboratory; physiological and pharmacological laboratories; library and reading rooms, and a fully organized clinical department. The several laboratory departments are provided with instruments of precision and with apparatus for demonstrations and for research.

The Washington University Hospital is under the direction of the Executive Committee of the Medical School. Members of the faculty, and their assistants, constitute its staff. Its location, in the heart of the city, near the corner of Jefferson and Lucas Avenues, is favorable for a large dispensary service, and a constant supply of cases of acute and chronic diseases is afforded for clinical teaching.

The Hospital was opened in January, 1905. In its construction every effort was made to adapt it for teaching, and it has afforded excellent opportunities for bedside and clinical instruction. The Hospital contains one hundred beds, laboratories, class rooms, operating rooms, private rooms, diet kitchens, and many other facilities essential to a modern teaching hospital. From January 1, 1908, to January 1, 1909, 974 patients have been cared for. With the inclusion of the dispensary and lying-in departments there have been 37,231 visits for treatment during the past year.

Recently the Board of Directors of Washington University have outlined a plan to reorganize the Medical Department. With this object in view, steps have already been taken towards its realization, and a tract of land, at the east end of Forest Park, on Kingshighway, between McKinley and Arco Avenues, has been secured, upon which the hospitals and college buildings will be erected. In addition to the general hospital and the children's hospital, there will be laboratory buildings, clinical buildings with dispensary facilities, and later on a maternity hos-

pital. All the hospitals will be used for teaching purposes, the idea being to follow the lines laid down by that almost ideal place for medical instruction—the Johns Hopkins University.



Medical Department, St.
Louis University
(Marion Sims-Beaumont
College of Medicine)

According to the published promises a great deal of new life will be injected into the old staff of teachers by having such men as Dr. George Dock, of Tulane University; Dr. John Howland, of the University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College; Dr. Eugene L. Opie, of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research; and Dr. Joseph Erlanger, of the University of Wisconsin, on the bead-roll of instructors; and if all promises are kept, and there seems to be no reason why they should not, since a number of benefactors have been forthcoming with enough money to further the plans, St. Louis will at last be in possession of a medical school that will invite only the friendliest criticism.

The Medical Department of the St. Louis University is situated at the southeast corner of Grand Avenue and Caroline Streets. The building, a substantial one for school purposes, is still known as the Marion Sims-Beaumont College of Medicine, on account of the fact of its having been evolved out of the union of the now defunct Beaumont Medical College and the Marion Sims Medical College, though officially it is the Medical Department of the St. Louis University. The members of the faculty are imbued with the right idea as to what the status of a medical school, that is "protected" by a university, should be; and though this protection is a matter of recent years, the fruits thereof have already made a good showing. The hospitals controlled by the school, or by members of the

faculty, are: Rebekah Hospital, St. Mary's Infirmary, St. John's Hospital, Mt. St. Rose's Hospital, and St. Ann's Lying-in Infirmary.

The Barnes Medical College is housed in a five-storied building of ample proportions at the northeast corner of Lawton and Garrison Avenues. While not a "university medical college," its standing is good: the entrance requirements and the four years' course of study being stringent enough to abet what all medical schools nowadays should be striving for—a higher standard of medical education. The Centenary Hospital, which adjoins the school, furnishes clinical instruction to the students, and in this respect is an excellent adjunct. It has accommodations for about one hundred patients.



Barnes Medical College

The hospitals of St. Louis, while not the equal in size of some of the larger hospitals throughout the country, are not without distinction in that their management, whether medical or lay, is informed with the quota of modernity necessary to the proper conduct of a hospital to-day. As they are scattered over a large area of the city, it would

be impossible even for the most patient guide or the most docile visitor, to ride from one to the other in the space of a few hours, without experiencing the mental fatigue which is so decidedly subversive of one's well-being. To simplify matters, it has occurred to the writer that it would



St. Luke's Hospital

be best first to direct the interested medical reader to those hospitals in the West End, which would be worth while his attention.

St. Luke's Hospital stands in grounds which give it the setting that all modern hospitals should have, if any regard is paid to the esthetic sense as evidenced in gardens that are not the usual "front yards." The building itself is three stories high, and shows in all its lines that the architect was not a mere builder who hurriedly drew his plans. Although situated on Delmar and Belt Avenues, some fifty-five blocks from the business center of the city, its location is ideal, in so far as it is in a part of the city that is wholly given up to residences which are, for the most part, in "Places" or on wide streets that always lend spaciousness to the grounds surrounding houses.

The first floor of the Administration building contains a commodious lobby, Directors' room, general office, Superintendent's office, visitors' parlor, pharmacy and Chapel. The first floor of the adjoining pavilions, one on the east and another on the west, contains two examining rooms, two refectories, one male surgical ward with solarium, one male medical ward, one female surgical ward with solarium, one female medical ward, and a full complement of nurses' rooms, ward kitchens or service rooms, bath rooms, lavatories, linen rooms, etc.

The second floors of the Administration building, and east and west pavilions, contain private rooms only, with nurses' rooms, diet kitchens or service rooms, bath rooms, lavatories, linen rooms, etc.

The third floors of the Administration building and east pavilion contain private rooms only, with nurses' rooms, diet kitchens or service rooms, bath rooms, lavatories, linen rooms, etc. The east pavilion of this floor contains the children's ward, with nurses' rooms, lavatory, linen room, etc.

Located at the north end of the east pavilion of the third floor are three operating rooms, with connecting sterilizing room, planned and equipped to carry out all the requirements of antiseptic surgery. Immediately adjoining these rooms are the recovery room, surgeons' retiring and dressing rooms, with connecting bath room, so that the operating surgeon and his assistants are supplied with every needed facility for satisfactory work and for rest and comfort after the completion of their labors.

An ambulatory, sixteen feet in width, properly heated, lighted and ventilated, extends the entire length of the group of buildings on each floor, giving free and unobstructed access to all parts of the house, and affording ample space for the much needed rest and recreation of convalescents and others who may desire to avail themselves of its use for that purpose.

Another feature that will be equally appreciated is the roof promenade, located immediately over the Administration building, access to which is obtained by an electric automatic passenger elevator or by the commodious and easy stairway leading from the basement to the roof. Dur-



Jewish Hospital

ing the summer months, or when weather conditions permit, this elevated point affords a most delightful and quiet place, overlooking interesting surroundings, for those who may desire seclusion or temporary release from the monotony of room or ward.

The Jewish Hospital, which is about two blocks east of St. Luke's Hospital, is a commodious building that, while smaller than St. Luke's, has the same earmarks of modernity. Its location is admirable, and its management bespeaks the unswerving desire to place this institution as far above criticism as possible. The operating rooms rank with the best in the city. The capacity of the hospital is one hundred beds.

By taking a northbound Union Boulevard car at the corner of Union Boulevard and Delmar Avenue, and then dismounting at the corner of Union Boulevard and Page Avenue, the visitor will see before him a building of commanding proportions. This is St. Ann's Maternity Hospital and Foundling Asylum, an institution which ranks among the best charities of the city. The building, which has a frontage of two hundred and seventy-five feet, is one of architectural pretensions: and though the interior arrangement of a hospital is of greater importance than its exterior attractions, the visitor cannot help but note that this structure was not built for a day. Within, the section which will interest the visitor most—the maternity hospital—will be found to fill all the require-



St. Ann's Maternity Hospital and Foundling Asylum

ments a fastidious taste could demand in the matter of a modern lying-in establishment. There are forty private rooms and twenty free beds in the hospital.

Upon leaving St. Ann's, an eastbound electric car on Page Avenue will carry the visitor within a short distance

of the Missouri Baptist Sanitarium, provided he gets off the car where it turns on Taylor Avenue and walks two blocks south.

The large and commodious brick buildings of the Sanitarium are situated in the center of a tract of ground



Missouri Baptist Sanitarium

about three acres in extent, and are approached by well-kept walks and carriage drives.

The main building is five stories high, including the basement. The first three stories above the basement are divided into neatly furnished and well-ventilated rooms, and are for the accommodation of private patients. The patients occupying private rooms have the privilege of selecting their own physician, and are accorded all other conveniences and attentions they may desire and the best service the institution affords. The different floors are all complete with bath rooms and toilet rooms, and provided with egress to the long covered verandas located on the south side of the main building. The halls throughout the house are long, wide and well ventilated.

The rooms on the first and second floors are devoted to convalescent and medical cases, while those on the third floor are used exclusively for surgical cases. One hundred patients can be accommodated in private rooms.

If the visitor will take a "Suburban" car going east, stop at Sarah Street, and walk one block north, he will reach the Evangelical Deaconess Hospital, at the north-west corner of Sarah Street and West Belle Place. The modern structure, west of the building at the corner which has all the hall-marks of once having been a school-house, is at present the hospital proper, the remodeled school having been abandoned for hospital purposes on completion of the new building. It is three stories in height and evidences considerable taste in the style of architecture. Within, what strikes the visitor at once, is the extreme cleanliness of the halls and the rooms: certainly a desirable asset in a hospital. The two operating rooms, sterilizing room, wash room, and laboratory are on the top floor of the west wing, and they are completely shut off from the rest of the building by a pair of large swinging doors. The hospital can accommodate ninety patients.

Pursuing our route in an eastward direction, we are soon on Grand Avenue, whence taking a northbound Grand Avenue car, and stopping at Montgomery Street, we reach



Evangelical Deaconess Hospital

the St. Louis Mullanphy Hospital, the oldest hospital in the city. While it labors under some disadvantages on account of its having been built long before the era of all those modern ideas which to-day mean so much for a hospital, this fact does not militate against its excellence as

a well-conducted institution and a field for clinical instruction in medicine and surgery. The clinics held here are attended by the students of the Medical Department of Washington University.



Mullanphy Hospital

By retracing our steps along Montgomery Street, we are again on Grand Avenue, where a southbound car will take us to our next point of destination—Washington Avenue. Walking one block east on this street our attention is immediately arrested by a building which, architecturally, stands out amongst the somewhat dilapidated homes of this once fashionable thoroughfare. This is the new Barnard Free Skin and Cancer (St. Louis Free Skin and Cancer) Hospital. The exterior of the structure is of Georgian design, and though this may not convey much to the visitor who is not versed in architectural lore, there is no denying that even the uninitiated must be favorably impressed.

The inspection of the first floor is best made by entering the building through the third "gateway," which

opens directly from the sidewalk on Theresa Avenue. In the ample open space directly in front of this door the out-patient clinic and the new patients await their turn, while flanking it to the north and south lie the skin examination and cancer examination rooms, arranged in suites so that five patients may be progressing through each one of them at the same time. Special provision has been made in one of the north examination rooms for photography, which is now so important a branch of hospital records; and in the basement is located the dark room, to be used in connection therewith. After examination, patients admitted to the hospital go to the hydrotherapy rooms just below, where they are thoroughly cleansed while their clothes are sent to the clothes sterilizer in the boiler room. Thence, in clean hospital clothes, they ascend by the elevator, either to the isolating suite in the north building, or to a room or ward in the main building.



Barnard Free Skin and Cancer Hospital

Adjacent to the clinic are the finely equipped X-ray rooms, the drug room and the doctors' lounging room. Walking up the stairs one lands inside an attractive metal and polished wire-glass stair enclosure, with a sliding door of the same material, giving access to the intersection of the two main arteries. Turning to the south the visitor

sees the second floor, which is typical of the main hospital. In the center of the south front is the glass-enclosed solarium, with its attractive bay window, while flanking it on both sides, and with the same exposure, are rooms for



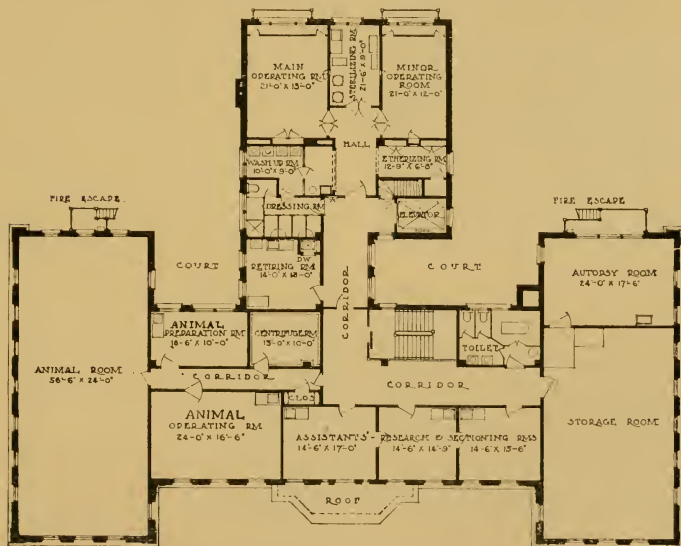
Second Floor Plan
Barnard Free Skin and Cancer Hospital

the internes and special cases. To the north of the long corridor are the linen and store rooms, the surgical dressing rooms, and separate bath rooms and lavatories adjoining the male and female wards respectively, which terminate the corridor. These spacious wards contain fourteen beds each, and are twenty-four feet wide and fifty-six feet long, with windows facing the four points of the compass. For the convenience of attendants stout metal hangers have been placed in the ceiling over each bed in the wards and rooms so that the patients can be raised with block

and tackle, and this device can be used by those patients themselves who are physically able to utilize it.

Adjacent to each bed is an electric light outlet, to which may be attached the portable fixture used for individual examinations.

Passing into the north building, and leaving the centrally located diet kitchen on the left, and closing the two sets of doors which shut it off from the rest of the building, the visitor enters the isolating section, which contains, besides its four rooms of two beds each, a bath room, diet kitchen, etc. In addition to the mechanical ventila-



Fourth Floor Plan
Barnard Free Skin and Cancer Hospital

tion, designed to keep the atmosphere pure in these rooms, the wide corridor is so planned as to create a thorough draft for the comfort of the attendants and physicians.

The entire floor above the north building is fitted up with all the attention to details which time and study

could devise to produce a complete research laboratory. Besides the general laboratory, sixteen by twenty-four feet, there is a museum, library, thermostatic room and a private laboratory.



Maternity Hospital

In its proper place, crowning the whole, is the operating suite on the fourth floor of the north building. Besides the surgeon's office, the doctor's preparation room, lavatory and etherizing rooms, there are two brilliantly lighted operating rooms, one on either side of the sterilizing room, which serves them.

In addition to the carefully studied methods of heating, ventilating and lighting, there is a students' gallery in lieu of the nearly

obsolete amphitheater. Here students can assemble in full view of the operation, within hearing of the operator's voice, though kept from any contaminating influence by a continuous screen of plate glass.

After leaving the above hospital, if the visitor will turn into Theresa Avenue and walk one block north, he will arrive on Lucas Avenue, where an eastbound "Page" car will take him to his next stopping place—Jefferson Avenue. By walking south past the Coliseum, he will soon reach Locust Street. Turning into this street and walking some steps westward, he will find himself opposite an old-fashioned residence of the sort that excited our envy some years ago, before we knew how to talk inspiringly about French Renaissance, Queen Anne, Tudor

Gothic, and other forms of architecture. The Maternity Hospital is still in its incipient stage; hence its temporary housing in a building that never was intended for a hospital. But be this as it may, its youth invites no adverse criticism; rather should one be inclined to praise all its efforts, since even in its cramped condition it is meeting a long-felt want. St. Louis is not too greatly submerged under an overweight of maternity hospitals that it should not rejoice in the beginnings of a charity which is already giving forth indications that before long it will develop along wider lines.

By walking east on Locust Street, the visitor is not long in arriving at St. John's Hospital, which is at the intersection of this thoroughfare with Twenty-third Street. Aside from the excellent arrangement of its interior, this hospital has much to recommend it, since its out-patient clinic is one of the largest in the city. In fact, from its inception the free clinic has been "featured," and its success is most deserving.

Before leaving the West End mention must be made of two institutions which are, architecturally speaking, above the ordinary. One of these is the Frisco Hospital, the other St. Vincent's Asylum.



St. John's Hospital

The Frisco Hospital is situated on the south side of Laclede Avenue near Kingshighway. The building is designed in a style of architecture known as the English Renaissance of the Tudor period, and is divided into three pavilions.

The most novel idea about the building is the elimination of stairways for convalescent use. Instead of these, inclines are used, which not only facilitate the use of wheel chairs for moving convalescents from the top to the bottom of the building, but also connect the Administration Pa-

vilion with both the Medical and Surgical Pavilions.



Frisco Hospital

The Central Pavilion contains the General Office, Private Office, Reception, Consultation and Examination Rooms, and the Medical and Surgical Pavilions, each having

four wards of four beds each, and three wards of two beds each.

On the second floor the Central Pavilion has the living quarters of the staff, also X-ray and surgical dressing rooms, and in the Medical and Surgical Pavilions are twenty-two wards for two beds and two wards for one bed. This entire floor is for critical cases.

On the third floor the Central Pavilion has the operating suite, consisting of a lead-lined operating room with skylight and north light exposure, sterilizing, etherizing, consultation and surgeons' dressing and wash rooms.

St. Vincent's Institution for the Insane is so far removed from the beaten path affected by the usual sight-seer that to reach it requires both time and patience. But once the trip is made—after a long ride on a "Suburban" car going west and a short ride on a St. Charles car and a walk up a gradual incline, that is neither long nor short, but has all the inequalities of a country road—the goal of one's desires is reached; and the recompense is the view of a building that looks almost medieval. Because of its

elevation it is an excellent coign of vantage for the uninterrupted panorama which spreads before one's eyes; and for this reason, if for no other, it appeals to the medical mind at once as an ideal spot for those who are alienated. Within, the wings of the building are arranged in halls, and even a cursory glance at the rooms and the patients suffices to convince the visitor that great care is exercised in the matter of cleanliness and the individual requirements in each case. The usual number of patients under treatment approximates to three hundred and fifty.

A southbound Jefferson Avenue car will bring the visitor to the next hospital which should engage his attention, the St. Louis Children's Hospital, at the southeast corner of Jefferson Avenue and Adams Street. Its present quarters, with the exception of the annex, were ready for occupancy in 1884.



St. Vincent's Institution for the Insane

During the following sixteen years of very satisfactory hospital work, what was forcibly borne in on the Board of Managers, from time to time, was the necessity of properly providing for contagious cases, both those developing in the hospital and those admitted from the outside. In addition to this it seemed that to make the work of the

Children's Hospital complete, some special arrangement should be made for the care of children under two years of age. Having these two classes of cases in mind, in 1900 an annex was built for the care of infants and contagious cases, the latter in a completely isolated situation.



St. Louis Children's Hospital

In 1906 several important changes werestarted, which materially widened the scope and increased the effectiveness of the efforts made for the sick children in the hospital and those visiting the dispensary. A definite move to

better the nursing department of the hospital was made by the establishment of a training school for nurses, supervised by a well-trained graduate nurse. The dispensary, since the opening of the hospital, had been in a small room in the basement, and was there looked after by the house physician. Two members of the hospital staff were now put in charge of the out-patient department, and in a short time suitable quarters were provided by the Board, with the result that in the last two years there have been treated 11,039 cases, as compared with 33,471 for the twenty-three years preceding this. A depot for the distribution of milk from the Pure Milk Commission is established at the dispensary. This is not only a convenience for the neighborhood, but it has also enabled the dispensary physicians to control, intelligently, the feeding of infant out-clinic patients.

The Lutheran Hospital is gained by taking a south-bound Jefferson Avenue car again and stopping at Potomac Street. From here a walk two blocks west suffices to bring the hospital into view. Architecturally it has no claims on our attention, since its plainness precludes the sort of admiration called forth by graceful lines. But it is a substantial building, and within has the unmistakable appearance of a hospital that is looked after with the greatest solicitude. The rooms are large and well ventilated, and every convenience a patient may desire seems to have been thought of. The operating rooms are equipped with all modern appliances, a sure indication that no slips in hospital management are permitted. An excellent Training School for Nurses is connected with the hospital, and as a factor in the standing of this institution it is of no little importance.

Continuing the journey south on Jefferson Avenue, the next hospital to be considered is the Alexian Brothers', which is reached by walking a short distance south on Broadway, from the point where Jefferson Avenue merges into Broadway. This

hospital is exclusively for men, and is managed by twenty-eight Brothers, some of whom are trained nurses, while others are engineers, laundrymen, cooks and druggists. It will readily be seen that under these circumstances a



Lutheran Hospital

solidarity must exist that can only work for the good of the institution. There are a number of private rooms, about one hundred, but the wards are quite a feature, since many patients who come here for treatment are far re-

moved from affluence. Each ward has but ten beds, hence the appearance is that of a large room rather than that of the usual hospital ward. The department for nervous diseases occupies four floors in the new addition. The surgical floor has three large operating rooms, newly

equipped, a sterilizing room and an anesthetizing room. An operating and dressing room is set aside for the exclusive treatment of skin and genito-urinary diseases.



Alexian Brothers' Hospital

If the enthusiastic seeker of knowledge, as it pertains to hospitals,

is still eager to learn, despite the tediousness entailed by lengthy car rides, he may adventure on a ride on a south-bound Broadway car up to the terminus of the line, and then either walk at once a distance of five city blocks or wait at his leisure for a "Barracks" car. The magnet which might draw him so many blocks away from the heart of the city is Mount St. Rose's Hospital, the pioneer hospital in the State of Missouri to undertake the treatment of tuberculosis. It entered on its career of usefulness nearly a decade ago, when the isolation of tuberculosis cases was still a moot question. The hospital stands in the midst of twenty-five acres on an elevation overlooking River des Peres. It is housed in a structure of stone and brick that is four stories high and contains seventy-five beds and twenty-two rooms. The main building, which was carefully designed for sanatorium purposes, has all the appliances known to modern surgery and medicine. There are a general and bacteriological laboratory, and a clinical laboratory for nose and throat treatment. The general plan of treatment is hygienic, medical, and dietetic.

St. Anthony's Hospital ranks among the newer hospitals of the city. All the rooms are large, and what, with its location in a part of the city that is as free from smoke as any part of St. Louis can possibly be, its advantages in this



Mt. St. Rose's Hospital

respect are not inconsiderable. Its capacity is one hundred beds. The nursing is done by the Franciscan Sisters, who receive their training in a three years' course in the Training School for Nurses, connected with the hospital. To reach this institution, which is well worth visiting on account of its excellent points in the matter of modern hospital construction, a southbound Grand Avenue car would carry the visitor there, provided he is in the West End.

The City Hospital is situated at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Lafayette Avenue. This is the site



St. Anthony's Hospital

upon which stood the old City Hospital, that had outlived its day long before the cyclone laid its unkindly hand upon what was at best a ramshackle building, conceived as the abode for the city poor by a generation that was unwise in hospital construction. After a period of years spent in



Administration Building—City Hospital

a “rented house” that had been abandoned by a Catholic Sisterhood on account of its decrepitude, the City Hospital returned to its native heath when a rather kindly administration awakened to the fact that a proper abode was really needed for its housing. Part of the new City Hospital has been built, and another part is building: all of which is matter for rejoicing, since realization, when long looked for but constantly delayed by unnecessary obstacles, is an ineffable joy when it proclaims, by the slightest presage, that all obstacles have at last been overcome and its birth is assured.

The main group of buildings consists of two ward buildings, each five stories in height; a surgical and operating building, two stories, and a pathological and bacteriological building, two stories. The additions will consist of a main or administration building, and an east and west ward building. It is the intention to move the Female Hospital, now located on Arsenal Street near the

Insane Asylum, into one of these ward buildings, while the other will be used for the natural increase of the hospital. Plans for a Nurses' Lodging Hall are now on file with the Board of Public Improvements, and no doubt before long this will be commenced so that the work may be completed at the time the present hospital extensions are finished.

The Municipal Laboratory of Pathology and Bacteriology occupies a substantial building which faces Carroll Street. It is in charge of the City Bacteriologist, two Assistant Bacteriologists, and two Laboratory Assistants. On the first floor the rooms are equipped and utilized as follows: One large, well-lighted room, with carara-glass floor and wainscoting, is used for post-mortem work. This room is large enough to accommodate about twenty students, and four of the local medical schools avail themselves of this opportunity to send their students to witness autopsies, all of which are conducted by the City Bacteriologist or his assistants. Adjacent to this room is the cold storage department, where bodies may be kept for days or weeks. Two rooms are used for the breeding and keeping of such animals as are needed in making inoculation tests, etc. In another room there is installed the largest and best microphotographic apparatus made by Carl Zeiss. Two rooms are set aside for the preparation and administration of "virus fixe" in the Pasteur treatment of rabies.



City Hospital

On the second floor four rooms are set aside for the clinical laboratory work of the hospital. This work is performed by junior physicians who alternate every month, and who make examinations under the direction and super-

vision of a senior physician and the Assistant Pathologist. The general office occupies two rooms on this floor, and one room is set aside for the storing of supplies. The remaining room on this floor, the largest in the building, has been equipped with museum cases in which instructive specimens are placed for demonstration.

The third floor is used for laboratory work exclusively. The three front rooms are for the director and his two assistants in their research work. Two large rooms are devoted respectively to the routine examination of bacteriological and pathological material. All the preparation of culture media and the sterilization of tubes, plates, etc., is carried on in a large, well-lighted, well-ventilated room in the rear.

No laboratory can perform its work to the best advantage unless it keeps in close touch with other institutions of like character, and this can only be done through the medium of current literature. Access to the scientific publications of co-laborers is as essential to success in this line as is a good microscope and its accessories. Moreover, before attempting to solve any problem or to investigate any sanitary measure, one must have the results of previous experiments at hand. To this end, one room on this floor has been set aside for the library, and complete sets of journals have been secured.

The relation between the hospital and this laboratory is intimate, and is an essential aid in diagnosis and treatment. The routine examination of sputum, blood and urine is made by junior physicians assigned to this position. Special physiological and chemical examinations, which require more experience and training, are made by the Assistant Pathologist. Tissue and specimens from the operating room and wards requiring diagnosis are examined by the City Bacteriologist.

Autopsy material is very large. In the past two years there were made five hundred and eleven autopsies in the laboratory. Material from each autopsy is preserved, and the microscopical examination of this is recorded and indexed.

Another department of the City Hospital, which should be mentioned if only on account of the fact that it was a pioneer in a rather unwelcome age, is the St. Louis Training School for Nurses. When this organization was a mere fledgling, some twenty-five years ago, its value and importance to the community were not appreciated, because the necessary enlightenment as to its high purposes was not the illuminating chapter it should have been in the lives of all thinking men and women. True, the Sairey Gamps had passed away, but in their place appeared a number of women who took up nursing as a means of livelihood, not because they were specially fitted for the task, but rather on account of their inclination to do something that was superior to servile work. If they were less given to the immortal Sairey's vices, their mental slovenliness was of the same low grade, and what they did not do in the way of nursing, as understood to-day, would fill many volumes with poignant tragi-comedies. If I mistake not, it was the enthusiasm of a



Missouri Pacific Hospital

“lady doctor,” as the phrase goes, a Dr. Cornelia Boardman, who afterwards married Mr. William H. Pulsifer, that was the real incentive in the matter of starting in St. Louis the first training school for nurses.

Upon leaving the City Hospital, if the visitor will turn into Lafayette Avenue and walk a distance of four blocks west, he will arrive at Mississippi Avenue, where a west-bound car will take him to California Avenue. By walking two blocks north the Missouri Pacific Hospital will be



Josephine Hospital

reached. The building, in which this hospital is housed, is an old-fashioned structure which shows, in its various additions, that as the hospital grew the demand for increased space was met by an architectural accretion that was not always in harmony with the older buildings. But this is not unusual in hospitals that have grown as rapidly as has the Missouri Pacific Hospital. To meet any further demands for space, plans have already been drawn for an edifice that will combine commodiousness with all that is modern in hospital construction. The bed capacity is two hundred and twenty; a number that is wholly inadequate considering that it is the chief receiving hospital of the Missouri Pacific System, which entails the receiving of patients from such outlying points as El Paso, Fort Worth, Dallas, Galveston and other cities.

By retracing his steps on California Avenue, the visitor will find himself on Lafayette Avenue, a street which has already been described. Continuing in a westerly direction on this thoroughfare, Grand Avenue is soon reached. If he will now walk one block northward, a four-storied gray brick building will be seen, which has the distinction of being the only private hospital in the city. The Josephine Hospital is about as ideal a hospital for a surgeon who wishes to concentrate his work as one could desire. The fact of its capacity being limited to twenty-five beds is not a detriment, but an advantage, since it precludes the necessity of having other than surgical cases. A number of attempts have hitherto been made to establish, on a firm basis, hospitals of small dimensions, but for some unexplained reason they have always been failures.

Walking north on Grand Avenue for a distance of five blocks, and then turning into Vista Avenue for a short distance, the buildings of the Bethesda Foundling Home and Incurable Hospital come into view. The Bethesda charities are really very worthy ones, and deserve the reputation which they bear, for the work which they effect is on lines which must appeal to all who are interested in those children, who are handicapped to such a degree that a hospital existence is the only one suited to them.



Bethesda Foundling Home
and Incurable Hospital

A south-bound Grand Avenue car, with a change on Arsenal Street, and then a westward route, will bring the visitor to the St. Louis Insane Asylum, the name of which has recently been changed to the City Sanitarium. Originally the County Insane Asylum, it became a municipal

institution in 1876 when the city of St. Louis was separated from the county. The location could not be improved upon, for it has all the advantages which accrue from altitude, picturesqueness, and sufficient distance from crowded neighborhoods, especially those that are embel-



City Sanitarium (St. Louis Insane Asylum)

lished with factories. The crowded condition of the original building, a five-storied structure that even to-day is architecturally superior to some modern hospitals, will be done away with when the wing additions, which are now in course of construction, are completed. The magnitude of these wings may be comprehended by stating that the perimeter of the building is almost one mile, and that it has a capacity for the care of eighteen hundred patients.

The exterior façades of the building are designed in Italian Renaissance in keeping with the old building. The east wing is seven stories high at the east extreme, and the west wing is six stories at the extreme west, and both wings are five stories in the center.

The east wing is for men and the west wing for women, and the center, or Administration Building, is for the house staff and general offices. Each floor of each wing is divided into four suites for forty patients each. Each suite is entered from one of the entrances into a rotunda

lined with marble and tile floor in which are an electric controlled elevator and a marble staircase that leads to all floors. From the rotunda you enter the corridor of each suite, which is ten feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet long. This is connected with an outside exercise porch and fire escape. Each suite has its own dining room and pantry, day rooms, nurses' and attendants' rooms, toilets and baths, linen room and dry room for sterilizing bedding. The toilets, baths and rotundas are all marble lined with tile floors, and the former are equipped with the latest sanitary fixtures. There is a dirty-linen chute and dust chute from each suite to the basement.

The ward rooms generally are planned for two beds, or single beds, and there are some with twelve beds. On the fifth floor of the court wings, both east and west, are two hospital suites, one for the care of men, and the other for women.

The Maniacal Building is three stories high, of similar construction as the main building. The first, or receiving floor, has reception rooms and doctors' offices in the center, with seven private rooms for patients on either side: the east side for women, and the west side for men, with the necessary dining and day rooms, toilets and baths, etc., as in the main building. The second floor is for men and has twenty-one private rooms. The third floor is similar to the second except that it is for women exclusively.

The charitable institutions of St. Louis are so numerous that the writer was compelled to assume the privilege of selecting only a few so as to enlighten the stranger that in this respect the city has not been laggard. The majority are housed in buildings that bespeak a regard for the comfort of the inmates, and a desire on the part of the management to further those amenities of life, which only too often were overlooked by institutions of a charitable character some decades ago. The broadening influences,

which are so incisive to-day, are affecting the matter of charity just as much as any other phase of civic life, and the beneficent results are clearly seen in the unwillingness of officers and boards of trustees to herd those who are dependent on charity in buildings that cry aloud for sanitary reforms.



House of the Good Shepherd

The House of the Good Shepherd is reached, upon leaving the City Sanitarium, by taking an eastbound "Tower Grove" car on Arsenal Street, changing to a southbound Grand Avenue car and making another change at the corner of Grand and Gravois Avenues, by taking a car marked "Cherokee" to Bamberger Avenue. The order of the Good Shepherd was founded in St. Louis in 1849, in the old house which stood for many years at the corner of Seventeenth and Pine Streets, and was not so great an ornament to the city that one need regret its final disappearance. But after Mr. Adolphus Busch donated the ground upon which the new building stands, strenuous efforts were made by the Sisterhood to have their future home as commodious and modern as possible; and certainly,

in the present structure there are all the hall-marks of excellent judgment and of that sense of architectural lines which it would be well for all charitable institutions to follow. This charity is devoted to the harboring of young women whose ideas of life are not rigidly puritanic.

There are two charitable institutions on South Broadway which are distinctive in that they are havens of peace and comfort for those whom advanced years have left without the wherewithal to live in ease elsewhere. One of these is at 4431 South Broadway, and is known as the Home of the Friendless. Its object is to provide a home for old ladies who have no other means of support, who have been residents of the city or the county for at least five years, and who are so placed, after the age of sixty, that by paying the sum of two hundred dollars a home will be provided them. A cursory glance at the exterior of the building and the grounds will convince the visitor at once that the word "home" was uppermost in the minds of the projectors of this charity when the selection of suitable



Home of the Friendless

quarters was made, for it has all those alluring attributes which should go with that much-abused word. Within, the old-fashionedness, which is so apparent without, is accentuated by the presence of the inmates; and the salient point to be gathered from a visit here, is that a wise judg-

ment has exercised its best qualities on behalf of those who greatly stand in need of it.

The other home which is on the same lines is Altenheim, at 5408 South Broadway. This charity is supported outright by the Germans, and though a recent addition to



Altenheim

the city's institutions, it already shows unmistakably how much in need a certain section of society was for just such a home. Originally the mansion of the late Charles P. Chouteau, it has been very much enlarged and modernized, though there

are still, within, many indications in the way of mantels, book-cases, etc., of its former ownership. The grounds surrounding the building are not its least attraction, and the view of the Mississippi from the rear of the building is quite inspiring. Both these Homes are best reached by taking a southbound Broadway car, which, unlike most cars in St. Louis, really runs on Broadway.

Memorial Home, at Grand and Magnolia Avenues, is a structure of ample proportions, and even in its reconstructed state, shows, in its center building, that once upon a time it was architecturally something above the ordinary. (I have no doubt that buildings used by hospitals, sanatoria, and "homes" need enlarging from time to time, but when this is done why are the additions invariably so incongruously out of accord with the original building?)

Memorial Home represents one of our older charities, and the fact of its continuous growth indicates that its purpose of supplying a home for aged single men or men and their wives, is a very good one, indeed.

The Missouri School for the Blind, at 3815 Magnolia Avenue, is within walking distance of Memorial Home. It was founded in 1851 by Eli W. Whelan, a blind man, who came from Nashville, Tennessee, to St. Louis to establish an



Memorial Home

institution for the blind. Whelan was a graduate of the Philadelphia Institute for the Blind, and prior to his advent in St. Louis had been principal of a school for the blind at Nashville. Hence he was equipped to know exactly what St. Louis was lacking in, when he broached the matter to the handful of public-spirited citizens who recognized that this hiatus ought to be remedied. A few years after it was founded as a charitable enterprise, it became a State Institution, and as such, has given instruction to 1134 blind children. Its curriculum is that of a public school, but besides this there is an industrial department for both sexes.



Missouri School for the Blind

The boys are taught broom-making, chair-caning, wire work, wood sloyd, and piano tuning. The girls are taught knitting, sewing, basket-making and cooking. The building is a substantial, fire-proof, three-storied structure, especially adapted for its purpose. When the two wings

are completed ample room will be afforded for the music department.



Methodist Orphans' Home

Both Memorial Home and the Missouri School for the Blind can best be reached by the Grand Avenue cars.

In connection with the Missouri School for

the Blind, mention should be made of the Blind Girls' Home, at 5235 Page Avenue. This Home is an institution for the support of indigent blind women of the State of Missouri. How, some years ago, James E. Yeatman discovered a number of blind girls in a pitiful condition, after they had vainly attempted to earn a livelihood, need not be reiterated here, but the outcome of his experience was the founding of the present home. The new building, but recently completed, has two stories and an attic, and is built of red brick with terra-cotta above the first floor. It has fifty bedrooms, and provides for all the comforts humanitarian ideas demand to-day, when buildings are specially erected for the care of those who are helpless.

The Methodist Orphans' Home, on Maryland Avenue near Newstead Avenue, has the double advantage of being situated in a part of the city that has spacious streets and residences above the ordinary, and in a building specially erected for the purpose. After passing through the usual chapter of makeshift abodes, which seems to be the history

of most charitable institutions, the present quarters were made possible through the gift of Mr. Samuel Cupples. The building from an architectural point of view betrays appreciation of proportion, unostentation and comfort.

From Maryland Avenue to Carr Street, where the Jewish Educational Alliance is located, is not only a lengthy trip on a "Maryland" car, followed by a ride on a northbound "Cherokee," but is a complete change of scene, since nothing around the Alliance will remind the visitor of the conventional neighborhood he has just left. But it will have its compensations, since it will bring home to him the lesson that even among people who are struggling to make a living, education is not by any means a lowly factor in their daily existence. No better settlement work is done in St. Louis than that which is effected by the Jewish Educational Alliance; hence, an indifference to its achievements and its future possibilities would not only be in bad taste, but would show an inexcusable inappreciation of high purposes.

The building is of the ordinary three-storied type without any architectural pretensions, but the air of solidity that pervades it is better in this neighborhood than architectural ornateness. On the ground floor of the old building are the offices of the educational department, labor bureau, relief department and the dispensary.



Jewish Educational Alliance

In the new building there are on the ground floor the nursery, six large class rooms, a large kindergarten room, and a boys' game room. On the second floor are typewriting rooms and the house-keeping class, and on the third an auditorium accommodating five hundred or more, library, reading-room, girls' room and sewing school.

If I have left the St. Louis Medical Society for my final remarks, it was done out of no disrespect to this representative body of medical men. Since its inception, in 1835, the St. Louis Medical Society has always stood for what is highest in local medical circles. Ruskin, in the "Stones of Venice," says: "We require of a light-house, for instance, that it shall stand firm and carry a light; if it do not this, assuredly it has been ill built." And the same might be said of this society, for it has always stood firm, no matter what the criticism from those who have failed of admission; and has carried a light at all times, although there may have been periods in its long career when the scientific feature was not too apparent in the papers which were read.

CHAPTER VI.

UNIVERSITIES, SCHOOLS AND LIBRARIES.

The Influence of a University in a Community — Old St. Louis University — The Purchase from the College of St. Achenil — Old Jesuit Church of St. Xavier — Francis Grierson — St. Louis University as it is To-Day — Washington University — Cupples Hall No. 2 — Ridgley Library — Theodor Mommsen — Preetorius Memorial Library — Busch Hall — Eads Hall — Cupples Hall No. 1 — Manual Training School — “Natural” Education versus “Classical” Education — Central High School — Soldan High School — Academy of the Visitation — David Ranken, Jr., School of Mechanical Trades — Mary Institute — Public Library — Its Present Quarters — New Central Library — Mercantile Library — “Beatrice Cenci” and “Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell” by Harriet Hosmer — St. Louis Medical Library — St. Louis University Library.

THE fact of a university being situated in a large city has not the largeness or importance that it has in smaller communities. In the first place, the aura, which always informs a university, does not get far enough beyond the university walls to influence outside thought to a degree that is striking; and, again, the vast interests, which are continually agitating the currents of our commercial life, are so decidedly engulfing that the small beatings, which are directed against the solid wall that this sort of life invariably erects, have not the reverberating sounds which are apparent in smaller communities. In Goettingen and Heidelberg, in Oxford and Cambridge, and in some of our smaller towns, the university atmosphere is all-pervading; and, directly, we arrive in either one of these places, this permeating influence is borne in on us. Now though this sensation may

not be experienced in cities that count their inhabitants by the hundred thousand, the university itself is not the less effective in its work and in its purpose as a province wherein are concentrated the best educational forces. And St. Louis bears witness to this in its two universities.



Old St. Louis University—Ninth Street and Washington Avenue

One of these, St. Louis University, is an integral part of the city's evolution, for even before St. Louis had shaken off its swaddling clothes—that is, in 1832—it was burgeoning into a university after an honorable career as St. Louis College. At that time the group of buildings composing the university was located on the block bounded by Washington Avenue on the south, Ninth Street on the east, Green Street, now Lucas Avenue, on the north, and Tenth Street on the west. Architecturally, they were not conspicuous even at a time when the buildings in St. Louis would not have attracted the eye of the trained architect, but they represented, by the extent of surface which they covered, something in the educational line that

was above what the ordinary school-house would have been. And by this is meant that this superficial impression was more than substantiated by what took place within the buildings, for the curriculum was of a calibre that would not be scoffed at to-day. In a book entitled "Thoughts about the City of St. Louis," published in 1854, the following appeared: "In 1836 the College of St. Achenil, in France, having been suppressed, the university purchased its splendid chemical and philosophical apparatus, which rendered necessary a fourth building for its accommodation and the rapidly increasing wants of the establishment." How "splendid" this purchase was I am not in a position to say nor what was meant by "philosophical apparatus," but the mere fact that the apparatus was acquired goes to show that the recently chartered University had aspirations that were not mediocre.



St. Louis University—Grand Avenue Side

But if the university buildings gave every evidence of being the handiwork of a builder rather than of an architect, one corner of the group stood out with some distinction, even though architecturally it was not much above its immediate neighbors—the old Jesuit Church of St. Xavier.

This church, according to all accounts, must have represented to all passers-by, no matter what their religion, the concrete idea of a solidity that commands attention at once, because of its protest against the ever-changing opinions of those who make a cult of discontent. Listen



St. Louis University—West Pine Boulevard Side

to the incisive words of Francis Grierson, whom we have already quoted, in regard to an ecclesiastical edifice that in 1860 made "all the other churches look very modern and very simple": "The bells of St. Xavier sounded like no other bells in old St. Louis. I could hear them distinctly where we lived; and I remember three, the far-reaching boom of the deeper bell carrying with it a suggestion of peremptory mournfulness, an impression of something fixed and permanent in a city of fleeting illusions."

Perhaps the placid aspect of this church without and within, its mothering of the adjoining buildings, had much to do with the preserving of the even tenor of life and thought within the university walls, so necessary to the prosecution of learning! The Universities of Padua,

Oxford and Paris, perhaps the oldest universities in the world, are exemplifications of what this sort of conservatism can do to bring about the desired atmosphere for the quietude of mind in the pursuit of knowledge.

To-day, St. Louis University occupies the English Gothic structure on Grand Avenue, Lindell and West Pine Boulevards, and while it is not altogether dedicated to that phase of modernity that is characterized by ineffectual questionings, it is far enough removed from the medieval spirit to rank among those conservative institutions that are mildly modern.

A university of an altogether different type is Washington University, for though it also has had its years of conservatism, the sort that it was host to had but little justification, for it did not arise from any deep religious conviction, but from a sense of self-sufficiency that up to a few years ago militated against its progress. Fortunately, almost the last vestiges of this have passed away and to-day we are witnessing its palingenesis. Whether this new spirit received its incentive from the gifts which have latterly been showered on Washington University, or whether it was born of the really good material that obtains within its walls, is of small moment, since the not inglorious fact remains that the University has taken a new lease of life that cannot be construed otherwise than an earnest wish to free itself from the gyves of conservatism.

If any one factor in the latter career of Washington University illustrates its undeniable stride forward it is the number of impressive buildings which have been



Cupples Hall No. 1
—Washington University

erected within the last few years. They are all of the same style of architecture—Tudor Gothic—and therefore make a harmonious whole that is most satisfying. The cynic might say that just because the buildings are expensive is no reason whatever that the teaching has



Busch Hall—Washington University

improved; and while not unlike most speeches made by cynics there is enough truth in the statement to hold our attention for a time, there is a false note in it which invariably occurs when hasty conclusions are reached. A new building, especially of the university sort, is not a mere ornamental shell, but the focal point for an equipment that is as modern as it can possibly be. In surroundings, that bespeak the advancements which a certain section of science has made, the instructor receives the stimulus that must result in better work. The human mind, it is true, will do its appointed work in circumstances that are not any too felicitous, but its best expression, pedagogically considered, is always evidenced when it feels that it must not be laggard in the matter of appropriating sustenance and widening its horizon by juxtaposition with what a university provides to further knowledge. And, in this respect, all the buildings which start some distance from Skinker Road and dot the extensive grounds are attestations, for the greatest care has been exercised to make them, especially within, exemplifications of modern university ideas.

To single out any one building as the one upon which the visitor should concentrate his attention would be doing the others an injustice. They are all worthy a visit since

the object-lessons they hold are what university buildings ought to be to-day. And since this is so, the best advice to be given is to select for inspection, not the building of greatest architectural pretensions, but the one that appeals to the visitor most on account of the part of education to which it is dedicated. I take it, even the casual visitor has his predilections; hence my advice is to follow them irrespective of what a so-called mentor might say. For instance, if his mind runs to things mechanical, he will find ample opportunities to gratify his desire to learn, in a visit to Cupples Hall No. 2, where he will see what progress the study of mechanical and electrical engineering has made in the last decade. In the rear of this hall there will be opened in September the Cupples Engineering Laboratory and Shops, a donation of Mr. Samuel Cupples, who, by the way, has been one of the greatest benefactors of the University. In this building is a laboratory two hundred feet long and sixty-five feet wide, which will contain the usual laboratory equipment for testing, and for the higher work in mechanical and electrical engineering.

In the two large extensions from this main laboratory there will be installed the most perfect shop equipment that could be planned, consisting of a foundry, forge, machine and pattern shops.



Eads Hall—Washington University

But if the visitor is not too greatly enamored of mechanics, and longs for the quiet which only the storehouse for books can grant, he will not fail to find it within the precincts of Ridgley Library. While the space that has been set apart for the collection of four hundred thousand



Cupples Hall No. 2—Washington University

books is not as yet overweighted, the beginnings are not so mean that they need be scornfully treated by a critic. A university library demands so much judgment, in the matter of what books should be selected, that its growth is necessarily somewhat impeded; and though no one would pit the Washington University Library, as it exists to-day, against such treasures as one finds at Oxford, Harvard and even at the University of Chicago, it nevertheless has some good points, one of which has recently been strengthened by a portion of the library of the late Theodor Mommsen, Germany's most erudite nineteenth-century historian. Nor should the Preetorious Memorial Library be overlooked, for its ten thousand volumes, while limited to the German



Ridgley Library—Washington University

language, are important in that they assist, as nothing else could, in teaching the American student with his hazy notions as to the value of German literature, that here is a treasure-trove well worth his exploring.

But whether one's attention is arrested by Busch Hall on account of an interest in chemistry, Eads Hall, for its photography and optical experiments, or Cupples Hall No. 1, by reason of its departments of civil engineering and architecture, the impression does not vary, for each one evidences that sense of modernity without which progress is bound to meet with insuperable obstacles.

The Manual Training School of Washington University is unique in that it was the first institution of high school grade in this country to make instruction in the mechanic arts an essential part of its curriculum. When we recall those narrow educational days, which we lovingly and foolishly call "the good old days," because things went on smoothly, unmolested by any other educational thought for the young than con-

tinuance in the rut which our forefathers had ploughed so carefully, and which meant for all boys, irrespective of their inborn capacities and aptitudes, a "classical" education consisting only too often of many undigested smatterings, a



David R. Francis Gymnasium
—Washington University

school, that has for its object the encouragement and development of the natural bent of the student, should give us pause. In the twenty-nine years of its honorable career, the Manual Training School has done a great deal of good, for it has been an illuminating chapter in the

matter of recognizing the right of the individual to follow a course of education that will best fit him later on in the struggle for existence. But if the hand is robbed of its awkwardness and made the ready instrument of the brain, the mind of the student is no negligible quantity in the



Manual Training School

curriculum of this school, for it receives the modicum of culture that is necessary for the intellectual wrestlings that may fall to its lot. And since we cannot all be Walter Paters, why should not some of us be honest enough to follow our own convictions, even though the superciliously "classical" student may not approve of our intellectual plane!

Upon leaving the Manual Training School, which is on Von Versen Avenue and Windermere Way, the visitor should pursue his way east on Von Versen Avenue to Union Boulevard, if he wishes to see a school-house that is about the best expression of public school architecture in the city. The Soldan High School, at the corner of Union Boulevard and Kensington Avenue, fulfills all those promises, in the matter of building schools, which are so

alluring when seen on paper but somehow seldom reach the stage of material fruition. If we compare the Central High School on Grand Avenue, near the Odeon, with its rival on Union Boulevard, we are at once en-



Central High School

lightened, not only as to the progress ideas have made, even in the last few years, in connection with what should constitute the proper housing of a high school, but how fortunate it is for any building to proceed on the stringent lines laid down by the architect, irrespective of party bickerings and obstacles thrown up by political obstructionists. And surely the Central High School had enough backsets during its construction to have made a worse building, architecturally speaking, than is the



Soldan High School

conglomeration that to-day attests to the expenditure of large sums that failed to get into brick or stone.

The structure on Union Boulevard is two hundred and eighty-eight feet in length and has a depth of two hundred and fifty-six feet. The rooms, numbering ninety-two, can



Convent of the Visitation

accommodate nearly two thousand pupils and are so well arranged that even the most obstreperous hygienist would be silenced. The Auditorium seats about two thousand, and is by no means neglected by those

who are interested in lectures pertaining to education and allied subjects; and as for the Music Room, with its limited capacity of two hundred and fifty, most, if not all the concerts, have the stamp that raises them above those amateurish attempts at music that always defeat their purpose—the education of the young. I have mentioned the Auditorium and Music Room because I wished to show that “higher education,” as conceived by the stewards of public school instruction in St. Louis, is to-day on a plane that includes a number of things which only a few years ago would have been deemed unnecessary and impracticable.

By walking three blocks north on Union Boulevard and turning into Cabanné Avenue and then walking one rather long block west, the Academy of the Visitation is reached. Occupying a modern building that is situated in grounds that make a pleasing picture, since they are not devoid of some good horticultural points, this Academy enjoys considerable reputation as an educational institution. Its curriculum affords few opportunities for the acquiring of knowledge that might disturb the mental equilibrium of young women by causing unrest from vain

gropings in scientific culs-de-sac, but on the other hand care and attention are paid to music, the languages, and, best of all, deportment. The Academy is conducted by the Religious Sisters of the Order of the Visitation, founded in 1610, in Haute-Savoie, France, by Count de Sales and the Baroness de Chantal.

By taking an eastbound "Suburban" car at the corner of Union Boulevard and Raymond Avenue and riding to Newstead Avenue, and then walking three and a half blocks northwards, the visitor will be attracted by a building that seems to show in its severe architectural lines the purposes for which it was erected. This is not a school that teaches the superficialities as they pertain to the sort of education with which one wishes to impress one's friends, but an educational institution that has for its object the thorough training of boys and men so that a deep knowledge of the mechanical trades will be acquired. Rather drab, to be sure, is this sort of education, when placed alongside the ornateness of the instruction one finds in our colleges and universities with their intellectual frills and furbelows, but how important in fitting many young men for a calling which they intend to pursue!

The David Ranken, Jr., School of Mechanical Trades, as its name implies, is a trade school. It was founded by Mr. David Ranken, Jr., of St. Louis, because of his



David Ranken, Jr.,
School of Mechanical Trades

conviction that there was need for thorough and systematic instruction for mechanics. The school is purely a philanthropic institution. It exists, as Mr. Ranken says in his foundation deed, for the purpose of "training and fitting boys and men for the mechanical or manual trades

and occupations." The instruction to be given must always be practical, "having in mind the need of the community and the State for practical workers in the mechanical trades, who shall be skilled in their respective trades and occupations and have such education as will

best fit them to serve the community and the State in such occupations."



Mary Institute

Boys are admitted at the age of fifteen or over, and are required to have sufficient education to enable them to read and write and to use

arithmetic with some intelligence. This would mean about six grades in the public schools.

The school aims to cover a wide range of trades, and as its work develops it will add on many subjects in addition to those which are now offered. At present the work is limited to two-year courses in bricklaying, carpentry, pattern making, painting, plumbing, and steam engineering. Most of the pupil's time is spent in the shop, performing operations in his trade under an instructor who has had successful experience as a workman in that trade. In addition to the shop work a pupil spends about eight hours a week in applied mathematics, drafting, applied science, and building construction. The aim in all the instruction is to make mechanics who will be thoroughly skilful with their tools and have, in addition to skill, industrial intelligence and the ability to think out their own problems as these arise in the day's work; in other words, to make "self-directing" mechanics.

The day school opened September 7, 1909, and has an attendance now of about sixty pupils.

When the visitor enters Mary Institute, at the northwest corner of McPherson and Lake Avenues, he is in a different world, for here are taught the daughters of the well-to-do. In the bulletin of 1908-1909 one may read that "Mary Institute was originally established to give the best possible education a school can afford and render it unnecessary for the people of St. Louis to send their daughters away from home while still in the critical and formative years of girlhood." An announcement such as this should not be read with too critical an eye, for it might result in some comparisons that would not be to the credit of the school that indulged in fulsome praise of itself. But making all due allowance for the claims which Mary Institute puts forth in the matter of superior education, it has one factor in its favor, and that is its atmosphere, which cannot but conduce to all the amenities which add so much to the humdrum of school-life. This must necessarily be absent from a school in which intellectual rivalry is rife and the towering ambition of a minority



Central Public Library

upsets the placidity of the majority. The jarring note in the daily life in the school-room certainly has its disadvantages, but when too greatly suppressed, does this not militate against the desired development of the intellect?

No description of the educational factors which enter into the life of a community would be complete without

mention of its libraries. While St. Louis has no reference library of the magnitude of the Astor Library, now a part of the New York Public Library, or the Newberry Library at Chicago, its homes for books have the proportions that can without exaggeration be called goodly. The Public



Cabanné Branch



Carondelet Branch



Crunden Branch



Barr Branch

Branch Public Libraries

Library is hardly in its proper home, as the Central Library building is still in a state of incompleteness, with no strong indications that work will progress any faster in the future than in the past: chapters in building which certainly would not make frenetic reading were a truthful historian to describe them.

But if the unkind critic sees nothing but delay in the main building, he must in all justice admit that the erection of the branch libraries has proceeded at quite a merry clip, for already there are five of these to attest to the truthfulness of this statement.

At present the Public Library is housed in a business structure at Ninth and St. Charles Streets, and when the characterization of the present quarters is kindly spoken

of as "temporary," a spirit of benevolence is manifested towards a building that has not even the first qualifications for a library. But the new building when completed will make amends for all past delays, for its proportions will be ample, its modernness unimpeachable, and its dignity of architecture the sort that will make us forget the unattractiveness of the present "rented home."

The Library possesses 279,222 volumes and has an annual circulation of 1,218,215. It operates a central Library, five branch libraries (a sixth to be opened in August, 1910), over sixty delivery stations and about one hundred traveling libraries, of which many are used as adjuncts by the Public Schools.

The Mercantile Library, at the southwest corner of Broadway and Locust Street, is a subscription library that holds its own against the increasing popularity of the Public Library. It is no recent institution, for it has behind it some sixty years, which have all been years of progress towards making it a private circulating library of the first order. While its collection of books is not so large as that of the Public Library, their number—135,000—indicates a steady ascent, as 5,000 volumes are added each year.

The Library contains the only complete set of British patent specifications in St. Louis. It has two noteworthy special collections. One is a collection of early books relating to the West, the bequest of John M. Peck, a pioneer Baptist minister of Illinois. The other is a collection of books on alchemy, originally the property of Gen. Ethan Allen Hitchcock, and the gift of his heirs. A portion of the



Mercantile Library

manuscript journal of Auguste Chouteau, describing the founding of St. Louis, is also among its valuable possessions. The greater part of this journal was destroyed by fire in Baltimore.



St. Louis Medical Library—Medical Society

Many important works of art have come into the possession of the library. Among these are the paintings of George C. Bingham, the Missouri artist; the sculptures—"Beatrice Cenci" and a bas-relief marble portrait of Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell, by Harriet Hosmer; a portrait of Governor William Clark, by Chester Harding; a bust of Thomas H. Benton; a portrait of Joseph Charless, founder of the first newspaper established in St. Louis; and a sculptured slab of marble from Nineveh.

The St. Louis Medical Library is housed in commodious quarters at 3525 Pine Street. This association was organized in 1899; hence it has been in existence long enough to show that its virility is not to be questioned. It is distinct from the St. Louis Medical Society, which adjoins it, and quite proud it is of its independence: not

the pride that is born of scorn, but the better sort that emanates only from a sense of being unhampered. The St. Louis Medical Library is a concrete instance of what enthusiasm can do to bring about the birth and growth of an association, for it is no exaggeration to say that had the originators been lackadaisical it would still be in embryo. And to-day it is sufficiently revealing of the fact, that it is an important factor in the medical education of those men who find it necessary to keep abreast of the times by reading the best periodical literature of the day. The library contains 12,250 bound volumes, mostly consecutive numbers of important American and foreign journals. One hundred and seventy-five current journals are at the disposal of the members.

The bibliophile who likes nothing better than to turn the musty pages of some half-forgotten folio, should make a point of visiting the library of St. Louis University. For here his eyes will be gratified by seeing such incunabula as John Gerson's "Treatise on the Sacrament of Penance," Nuremberg, 1478; "Summa Sancti Thomas," Alost, 1490; St. Gregory's "On the Psalms," 1499; and the following facsimile reproductions of ancient manuscripts: "De Republica," fourth century, Vatican Library; the "Vatican Vergil," fourth century, Vatican Library; the "Greek Bible," circa 380, Vatican Library, and a manuscript Bible in Latin, from "Proverbs" to "Hebrews," written between 1300 and 1350.

Where there are as many valuable works as in this library, no short list can possibly convey to the reader an adequate impression of the whole. But, on the other hand, nothing is more tiresome to read than an interminable list of books that enlightens the reader only as to the title and date of publication. Recognizing the value of this truism, the author will mention only two other works, the

omission of which would reflect on his judgment as a self-appointed guide to the reader. One is the "Domesday Book," 119 Volumes, folio, the gift of the English Government. Each volume of this monumental set has printed on the reverse of the title page: "This book is to be perpetually preserved in the Library of St. Louis University. Record Commission, March, 1831, C. P. Cooper, Secretary." The other is "The Geography of the World," by Blaeuius, XI Volumes, folio, Amsterdam, 1662, supplemented by two large movable globes: one celestial, the other terrestrial. As to the accuracy of the maps in this beautiful work, it should suffice to state that the authority of the author was quoted more than once in the dispute on the Venezuelan boundary during the administration of Grover Cleveland.

CHAPTER VII.

IDEALS.

“The pronounced realist is a useful fellow-creature, but so also the pronounced idealist—stouten his work though you well may with a tincture of modern reality.”

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

EUROPEAN travelers, who visit our shores to study the civic life of American cities, are wont to express surprise because they imagine that we have allowed our immense activity to throttle certain ideas, which, to their highly trained eyes, are of paramount importance in the upbuilding of a community. While what they say is not completely divorced from the truth, only too often are their views biased on account of preconceptions. And even when these preconceptions are not of the militant sort: are not so ineffaceable but that fresh experiences derived from envisaging the subject at close quarters are effective in straightening out some of the oblique lines of their vision, they feel that our Americanism would be insulted were they not to write, in large, fat letters, encomiums on our irrepressible commercialism.

On account of these attitudes, which are not only peculiar to the European critics but are to some extent shared by a certain coterie of native critics whose imitative qualities are their only asset, the various writings on our civic matters have a sameness that shows small concern for any educative ferment which might be working slowly, but surely, in all directions, to the disadvantage of a rampant commercialism. Of course, it takes an acute eye to see a weakling in the midst of a company of noisy giants, but

even so, its dwarf-like manifestations should not go unappreciated. For by the right appreciation two very important objects are achieved: the struggling endeavors of the educative factor in civics are countenanced in a way that means much for the future of our communities, and the criticisms of the past are no longer acquiesced in, since the beneficent quality that ensues from a new point of view proves them to be wide of the mark.

The awakening of the needs of what might be called "higher civics" is not peculiar to any one part of the country or to any one city. All American cities to-day are more or less interested in this movement, and though the best manifestations are more obvious in the larger cities, there is no denying that even smaller communities are bitten with the "disease." That, for many years, but little thought was given to this matter is of no moment in our present-day attitude of a willingness to wipe out the mistakes of the past; nor should our remissness be held up to us as an object-lesson upon which to found the theory that all our future strivings will be footless. It is an old story and one that we know only too well: the obdurate front we used to put up, when suggestions came from afar that we were neglecting the important things, without which our civil life was bound to end in a one-faceted affair, that would be sadly wanting in the qualities which are cultural. But we were young then, and although our bones have not the brittleness of old age, enough maturity is upon us now to recognize that the lacunæ, still remaining in our civic structure, must be filled by something better than the materials which we have used in its upbuilding in the past.

I hold no brief for St. Louis in the matter of education, as this maligned word is used in its broadest sense, but since its endeavors are on a par with those of other American cities of its size, the slightest inappreciation would be an injustice that could not be condoned. And

here it would be well to pause long enough to ascertain just what is meant by the word "education." If we go back some decades in the history of our American cities, education was restricted to the sending of the young to school to acquire certain rudiments, without which they were unfitted for the mature years of life. While this may not have sufficed for the few choice spirits amongst us, who desired a more expansive interpretation of the word, their number was not large enough greatly to affect its real restricted meaning. And even with these, education, though prosecuted in the higher schools, the colleges, and the universities, meant only the acquiring of a limited knowledge of the classics, a smattering of the literature of the world, and the saturation of their minds with a quantity of impracticable things, that could not possibly be applied to the solution of the problems which were bound to come their way. Surely there must have been problems in those not remote days of equal importance with ours: some of them, I take it, the forerunners of our present burning questions, and which, had they been combated to some extent then, would not to-day declare themselves by their vast proportions.

But a better day, educationally speaking, is now with us, for the knowledge which is to-day gathered in our schools and universities is no longer bounded by the four walls of the class-room, but is of such latitude and of so democratic a tone that the student, directly he leaves a seat of learning, is fully prepared to understand the currents and undercurrents which are agitating modern existence. Whether this is due altogether to a change in the curricula, or to the popularization of what is really needed through the medium of both press and publicists, would not be easy to answer, but the interdependence of the two is more apparent than it has ever been before. The gain to the public has been inestimable, for out of the alliance there

has come the sort of communal mind which has the qualities to appreciate, that only by striving after an ideal in civic matters can social betterment be effected.

Whether we judge St. Louis in the light of what other cities have accomplished, or whether we limit ourselves altogether to a contemplation of its progress unassisted by comparisons, the lesson to be gleaned is heartening. For on all sides there are indications that those bugbears—the stern realities of life—are being tempered by an ideality that was supposed, only a few years back, to belong exclusively to an older people than we. And though there may be some among us who imagine that a work-a-day existence is the only one we ought to pursue, since any other would be subversive of our prosperity, the general feeling is not one of apprehension because a degree of ideality pervades the movements that are tending towards a higher status of civic performance.

Ideals, then, in city government, are the order of the day. Without them there can be but small advance. With them, on the other hand, progress is assured. Only a few years ago, who would have thought that so practical a people as the Americans would retrograde to the lowly mental state, which from time immemorial has characterized the visionary? But the unexpected has come to pass, and already there are premonitions that before long there will be at least a partial fruition of ideas that have the stamp of intellectual bravery.

No doubt when the citizen whose life has been devoted to the drudgery of grubbing for money reads these lines, a smile indicative of doubt will flit across his lips, for he will place no faith in promises that emanate from so unsubstantial a source as the shadowy province of abstract ideas. But though he were to talk his loudest against a mental weakness that glorifies abstract ideas his tilt against them would end in his being worsted. Of course, there is

no use in trying to convince him that all the material manifestations, which he sees about him and which fill his heart with joy, would not be at his beck and call had not some much-ridiculed dreamer forevisioned their realization by the advocacy of the necessity of applying certain abstract ideas to the needs of the hour.

While I am not assuming that every citizen of St. Louis is boiling over with interest because of the prospective improvements which are in the air, there are a goodly number who, while yet in full possession of their common sense, are guilty of a more enthusiastic feeling than lukewarmness. The narrowness of the mental horizon which has heretofore been allowed free play in the conduct of our civic affairs is no longer in high favor, for the reason that an undeniable force, in the shape of steady-headed men with ideas, has obtruded itself on the public's notice. If, as yet, these champions in the service of reform have not been able to fill many credit pages in their ledgers with records of deeds accomplished, at least they have put forward excellent plans that show enough clear thinking and practicality to win over a certain amount of regard even from the man in the street—that cynic whose irrepressibility often colors the thought of hundreds of otherwise normal men. Any plan, no matter how grandiose, that bestirs people into a new channel of thought is better than a routine way of thinking that creates self-sufficiency.

If we admit that idealism has been the propelling motive that has brought about the setting aside of certain squares in mean neighborhoods as playgrounds for children, that it has been the underlying cause for the erection of public baths, and for the visionary plans of widening the streets around our public buildings, so that their present-day narrowness will be swallowed up in park-like areas of commendable size, it has been no less effective in the matter of education. Would the movement, which means the

building of a new medical school, laboratories and hospitals, so that the medical department of Washington University shall be stoutened, be beyond the probationary stage had not an invincible idealism backed the combined thought of Messrs. Adolphus Busch, William K. Bixby, Edward Mallinckrodt, Robert S. Brookings, and others? I doubt it.

Thus is made plain to us what idealism, when it informs thoughts which otherwise would be sluggish, can effect in bringing about needed reforms. But, when we place it on its exalted pedestal, we should not be forgetful of the fact that if it is fed too much on a diet of illusions, it soon deteriorates into something which at once invites ridicule. Only when it is carefully nurtured is it capable of acting as the leaven that is absolutely necessary for the progressive spirit in civic matters, in educational matters, and in all undertakings that no longer have the lowly mien that fears comparison. A solicitous care does not mean too much pampering, but the furthering of a healthy growth by influences derived from without. These influences are part and parcel of an unmitigated realism, and on account of their nearness to earth are the right ballast for an idealism that only too often has a tendency to take on a Utopian coloring. If the idealist were not so often scoffed at by the realist, a better understanding between them would occur, and out of the alliance results would ensue of immeasurable good to communities. But as things are to-day the alliance, when it takes place, is held together by a slender cord that is easily severed. And as regards progress in civic matters, more's the pity.

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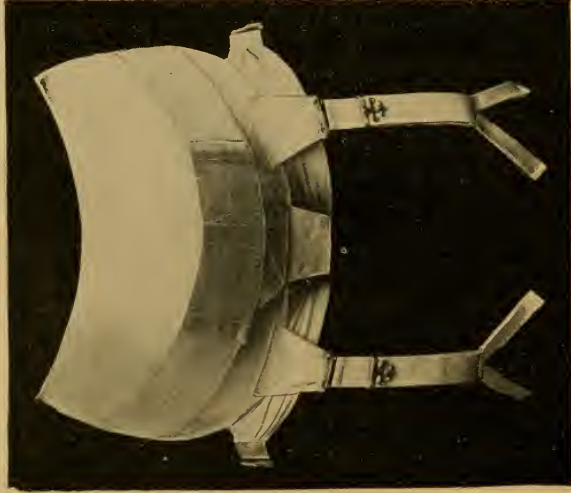
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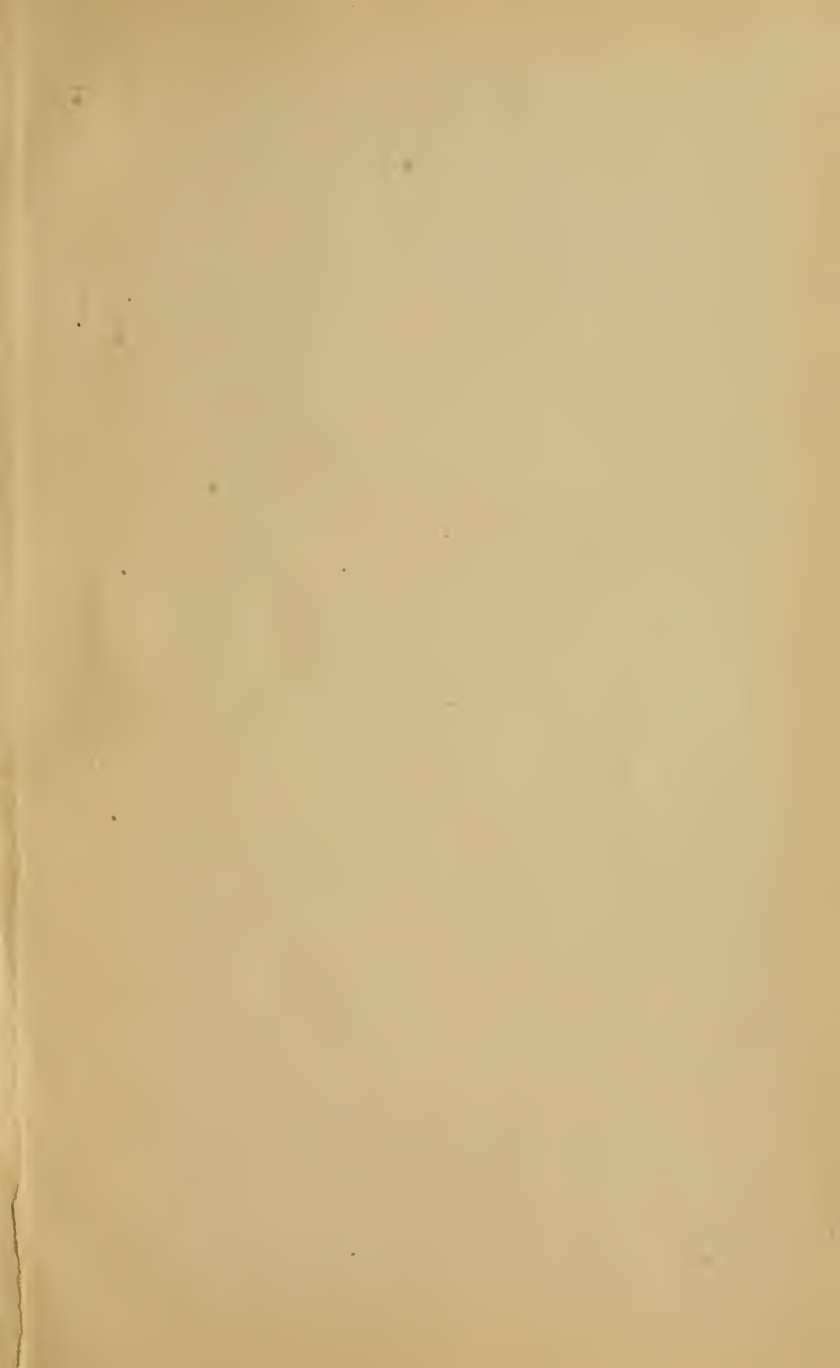


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